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The Jungle Scout. 155



THE
JUNGLE SCOUT.

A ROMANCE OF INDIA.

BY CAPT. H. R. MILLBANK.

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THE JUNGLE SCOUT

A ROMANCE OF INDIA

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BY CAPT. H. MILLBANK

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THE SCOUT OF THE JUNGLE.

CHAPTER I.

OFF THE COAST.

Late one afternoon, on a blazing tropical day in 1857, a small American vessel was cruising along the Bay of Bengal, in close proximity to the coast of Hindostan.

For two days she had been cautiously feeling her way down this vast expanse of water towards the Indian ocean, and now the occupation of the majority on board seemed to be that of scanning and scrutinizing the shore of India, as they glided closely by, as if looking for some expected signal or some peculiar land mark.

Leaning over the bow of the vessel, stood William Trevanion, closely examining the land by the aid of a small telescope. By his side was Captain Burton, engaged at the same business, using, however, only the organs with which nature had furnished him.

Now and then the two exchanged words regarding the peculiar appearance of some object that glided before their eyes, or speculated about the contour of some heathen temple that was discernible further inland.

Trevanion was quite young and well dressed, but wore a look of painful anxiety upon his face, as though weighed down by some fearful apprehension. Captain Burton had

a pleasant, intelligent expression, and although scarcely beyond middle life, his hair and short-cropped beard were plentifully mixed with gray.

A dozen years in the East India trade had embrowned his face almost to the coppery hue of a Southern Sepoy; but his limbs were muscular and lithe, and although the fiery sun seemed more fiery and scorching than ever to-day, he still retained his thick dress-coat, and kept the small black hat down to his very eye-brows. Upright and iron-framed, cool and self-possessed, the great firm of Arlington, Trevanion & Co., never did better than when they appointed him to the command of one of their swiftest and most valuable vessels.

William Trevanion had managed to get in the thin shadow of an awning that had been stretched in this part of the vessel, but it was an exceedingly small amount of shade, that is ever discovered in this part of the world.

He had a broad Panama, and was in his shirt sleeves, and still complained of the overpowering heat, as he lowered his telescope at intervals, and mopped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Heavens!" he finally exclaimed, as he looked half-laughingly toward Captain Burton, who, as might have been anticipated, was standing in the hottest portion of the deck, erect and under the full power of the brassy rays. "Heavens! captain, are you made of iron."

"Not exactly; but I do not find the weather particularly unpleasant."

"If I were you I would go down stairs and kindle a fire; perhaps you will find that still more comfortable."

The captain laughed.

"This does very well."

"If I stood in your shoes for ten minutes, I should be prostrated by *coup de soleil*. Really, now, don't you suffer?"

"Not in the least. When I made my first voyage to Calcutta, in 1846, I did get a little touch of it off the coast of Ceylon, but it only broke me in. As you expect to spend

some time in India, I'd advise you to expose yourself till you get knocked over."

"Well, captain, I hardly comprehend your philosophy. It makes me miserable even to look at you, and the bare thought of my donning any extra clothing—get out!"

"You expect to go inland some distance, I believe?"

"It cannot be avoided."

"You will then get a taste of warm weather such as you rarely see in the United States. I tell you, Mr. Trevanion, you get the genuine thing in this latitude. Let a man who don't know about these things, go to Calcutta, and the chances are that before he has been there a week he will be sun struck. It must be terrible for these British subjects who are fighting the Sepoys."

"And how much more terrible for the poor helpless fugitives who are endeavoring to escape their ferocity," added Trevanion, an expression of intense pain and anxiety crossing his face as he spoke.

"Bad enough, bad enough; but ten thousand times better than if they should fall into the hands of these fiends. I used to think, when a boy, that the most savage creature on the face of the earth was an American Indian; but that was before I knew anything about an East India Sepoy. I tell you, if there were such things as fiends that walked on the earth, yonder (pointing toward the shore) is where you will find them."

"I know—I know," assented Trevanion. "God watch over them! They need his protecting care."

Captain Burton, understanding to whom this remark referred, and observing that his words had caused pain, was quick to change the drift of his conversation.

"We are going to be becalmed. The wind is all dying out, and in an hour there will not be enough left to fan your cheek."

"But there is quite a current."

"Not enough to help us; we will cast anchor shortly, and lie to until morning."

"I hope we will see Langdon before the sun goes down."

Trevanion again scanned the shore with the telescope but lowered it with an air of disappointment.

"We must be close to the spot that he appointed," he added.

"Just look at that point of land over there," said Captain Burton, pointing a little down the coast.

"Yes; yonder is the spot, beyond all question. There is the high hill—high enough to be called a mountain, I should say. There is the wide stretch of jungle to the South-west; there is another smaller hill, and at the base of that stands the old heathen temple, which Langdon appointed as a rendezvous."

"Can you see anything of him?"

The telescope was now brought to bear, and for a few moments not a word was spoken.

"I can't see a living person or the sign of one around it."

"Just run your eye over every part of the building. There is no telling at what part he may appear."

Trevanion did as requested; but in vain.

"Perhaps he has not arrived there."

"Most probably not. If I did not know the cunning and skill of that fellow, I should say there was no use of expecting him. But when I know he went twice in and out of Delhi during the siege, and carried dispatches for General Havelock right through the lines of the mulineers, and once appeared in the presence of Nana Sahib himself—besides a host of other feats equally dangerous and difficult—I say, when I know he has accomplished all this without suffering the least harm, I am ready to expect almost anything at his hands."

"What makes him so successful as a spy?"

"In the first place, you recall that when saw him in Calcutta, that, although an European, he is fully as dark as a Sepoy. He has the black hair, eyes, and long mustache, that generally distinguish that people, and his hard, rugged life keeps him as black as the most devout of Mussnimen. Then he has dwelt so long in the country that he is familiar with their language and customs; and, in fact,

there is no reason why he shouldn't make the very best scout imaginable."

As there yet were no signs of Langdon, Trevanion retired to the cabin for a few minutes. When he had seated himself and found that he was entirely alone, he drew a letter from his pocket.

It was written on a small sheet, but in a small beautiful hand. With more than one sigh he read it carefully through. It bore the India post-mark of a few weeks previous, and was the last letter he had received from her, who for years had alone held his heart's affection.

"Ah, Jennie!" he mused, "if living, I am now within a hundred miles of you, yet I hardly dare expect to find you living."

He remained a few moments longer in reverie, then added to himself:

"Alone among these devilish barbarians! What a situation for one reared as you were! At the mercy of a people who know not what mercy is! Where now is England's boasted powers?"

He paced the cabin back and forth, his face indicative of the most intense anxiety.

"If Langdon has only reached you, and found you still living, you may be prepared for my coming. But whether there is safety or not, I shall seek you out; and if I cannot save you I shall die with you!"

A moment later Trevanion appeared on deck, and greeted Captain Burton, who was scrutinizing the shore as attentively as ever.

"Have you discovered anything yet?"

"I hardly know what to say."

"This must be somewhere near the spot Langdon appointed as a meeting-place. He said if we had a fair wind we should reach it about sunset."

"Yes. I am certain we are in the neighborhood, if we have not gone far enough already."

"I shouldn't be surprised——"

"Ah! there is something I don't like

CHAPTER II

THE ATTACK.

Captain Burton turned his telescope toward shore, and held it for several moments. When he lowered it he gave something like a sigh.

Trevanion looked toward him for an explanation.

"You see that old temple yonder?" he asked, without removing his eyes from it as he spoke.

"Of course."

"Well, I suspect that Langdon is in the top of that, but dare not show himself. Whether there or not, I know there is something like a hundred Sepoys in the lower part."

"What reason have you for thinking so?"

"I have seen their forms, and I believe further that they intend to attack us."

Trevanion now started in absolute amazement, and Captain Burton proceeded:

"There are one or two of their long, dark boats lying under the shore, and they are just devilish enough to turn their eyes toward us, believing we are unarmed and that they will have a good opportunity of whetting their knives in our bodies."

"What sort of fighters are they?"

"Terrible. You see they are led on by their religious fanaticism, and that will make devils of cowards; but that isn't necessary, for they fight more like tigers than ordinary people."

"But are they organized?"

"Organized? They could not be organized more perfect

ly. The system the British have pursued in India is the very one to put the most power into the hands of these rebels. All the English officers have their duplicates. Thus, for every British colonel, major, captain, and lieutenant belonging to a regiment, there is a Sepoy colonel, major, captain, and lieutenant for the same body of men. Let these British regiments revolt, and their organization is intact, after massacreing their civilized officers."

"That simple statement shows the truly formidable character of this mutiny. It will sweep over India, like one of her monsoons."

"Yes," added Burton, somewhat moodily, "there's no use in denying it."

"But about those men in the temple yonder—you really apprehend an attack from them?"

"I think there is good reason."

"And what kind of reception do you think yourself able to give them?"

Burton gave a sort of grim smile, that showed there was little alarm in his own breast upon that point.

"Such a one as will settle the matter very speedily. They are scrutinizing us with all their eyes this minute, and, I have no doubt, have concluded that it will be the easiest thing in the world to gobble us up."

"We have twenty men, I believe?"

"Twenty-two, with abundance of arms and ammunition, and that cannon—I rely principally upon *that*."

"Is it loaded?"

"It soon will be."

Captain Burton now communicated his orders to his officers in a very quiet manner, and the preparations for the coming attack were made with a marvelous celerity and silence. The twelve-pounder, whose science hitherto had consisted principally of giving and returning salutes, was carefully loaded almost to the muzzle with old spikes, bullets, bits of iron, and everything attainable in the way of metal.

When completed, nothing could have been contrived to do more fearful execution at a short range, and Captain

Burton announced that that would give the Sepoys a taste of American temper, if it should accomplish nothing.

The hot day was now drawing to a close, and as the sun slowly sank over the hills of India, the breeze died entirely away, and the vessel soon lay motionless and at rest.

As yet nothing had been seen of the Sepoys, if we except the glimpses that Captain Burton professed to have attained; but no one doubted their presence on shore, nor were there any debates as to whether a visit from them might be expected. All seemed to defer to the judgment of the captain, who, most certainly, was the best qualified to decide such a matter.

Every man was armed with a revolver, cutless and musket, and all were thoroughly instructed in the part they were to perform. This fact may be given in a clause—to obey orders. No matter how favorable the opportunity might seem, the orders of the captain were to be awaited in every matter.

The crew were all disciplined, and neither Trevanion nor the officers apprehended the least trouble regarding them, when the critical moment should come.

Everything in readiness, Captain Burton retired to his position by the side of Trevanion.

"Now," said he, "we are prepared. When they come come they will get such a stomach-full as will last them a life time. We have several hours of daylight left, and we must keep their movements well under eye."

As he finished speaking, he took the telescope and directed it toward the temple. An exclamation uttered the next instant, showed that he had discovered something important. A moment later, he passed the instrument to Trevanion.

"Take another look in that direction."

While our hero was scrutinizing the building, he saw a dark body, in a stooping position, whisk from the lower part, and disappear in the thick undergrowth that intervened between that and the shore.

This was almost immediately followed by another, until over a score of shadowy forms had whisked in and out of

sight. Trevanion lowered his telescope, and was about to speak, when Captain Burton said :

"Watch them longer."

Forty-eight forms were counted, and then they failed to appear. Trevanion announced the result.

"About half of them. You understand what it all means, of course?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"About a hundred Sepoys, burning for innocent blood, have descried our vessel from a distance, and judging that there was something along shore that attracted us, have gathered in that temple, the better to watch our movements. They have seen that we were becalmed and had lain to for the night. They have been whisking out the building one by one, that they might not attract our notice."

"Whither are they bound?"

"To the shore, where they will rendezvous, and where they have their boats, and intend to rush out upon us and massacre every living soul on board."

"A fine scheme, indeed, if it does not miscarry."

"Curse them!" muttered Captain Burton, "I understand them well enough, I really hope they will give us the chance to blow them all to perdition."

"Captain," said Trevanion, in a low voice, "have you any fears of the result?"

"Not the least. They do not know our number, for I have purposely kept the greater part of our men out of sight. Then they imagine we have no suspicion of their intention. I shouldn't be surprised if they really believed we did not know that such a thing as a revolt had occurred in this part of India."

"They may attempt to approach us in a friendly manner, somewhat after the manner of the American Indian."

"Very probably they will—hello!"

The captain pointed toward the temple. From a sort of window at the extreme upper part, a man could be seen waving his hat, and making furious gesticulations with both hands.

"What is the meaning of that?" inquired Trevanion.

"That man is Langdon, and his signal means, 'Look out, there is danger.' "

The words were yet in the mouth of Captain Burton, when Trevanion interrupted him by calling his attention to the line of the shore.

Looking in the direction indicated, three long, narrow boats were seen, lying close under the bank, as if waiting for a certain time or a preconcerted signal before starting.

The boats jointly contained at the least a hundred men—gaunt, cabbery, sinewy hounds, in whose dark breasts such an emotion as mercy was the last to enter. They were armed to the teeth and fiercely courageous.

Now that they had displayed themselves, it only remained to see what precise manner of assault they would adopt.

"They will hardly attempt an openly hostile approach," remarked Trevanion, after he had surveyed the motionless boats for a few minutes.

"No; they will try some deception, or else wait until nightfall."

"If they proposed the latter, would they have been likely to have discovered themselves to us?"

"No; I think not. Hello!"

At that moment one of the long boats crept out from the concealment of the shore, like some cautious serpent, and headed straight toward the vessel. A moment later another followed, and then the third, until the three, with their living freight of hate and fury, were advancing across the intervening space.

They came very slowly, as if waiting for some manifestation upon the part of the vessel. Some dozen oars projected from each side of the boats, and they dallied with the water as a fish is sometimes seen to do with his fin, when uncertain in what direction to make his plunge.

The preparations on the vessel were all complete, and the men stood at their posts watching their enemies as they came over the water. They were yet too far away to be meddled with, but the crisis was rapidly approaching.

"What a devilish looking set!" muttered Trevanion, just loud enough for Captain Burton to hear.

"Yes; and they are a genuine set of devils, too; it would never do for them to put foot on our deck. You see they outnumber us five to one, and I shouldn't consider it safe in meeting them on anything like equal ground."

"It looks to me as though they intended to dally around, all the while edging toward us, until they are near enough to make a sudden rush and overwhelm us."

Captain Burton once more gave one of his significant smiles.

"Never fear, my good friend; everything is arranged."

Thus reassured, our hero gazed upon the tropical demons who were so longing for his blood, much in the manner that he would have surveyed the animals of a passing menagerie.

The sun was now nearly in the line of horizon, so that the boats and inmates were brought directly between it and the boat. This caused the latter and their occupants to assume a gigantic and singular distinct form. The water directly around the boats was rendered dazzling by the rays, but the Sepoys looked like so many images of ink drawn against the bright sky.

By this time the boats were within a hundred yards of the vessel, and Captain Burton, deeming that the time for action had come, sprang upon the gunwale and motioned them to keep off.

The savages halted, and several held aloft some trinkets, to signify that they wished to barter. But the captain was not to be deceived by so transparent an artifice.

He again signified to them to keep away, but they, instead of heeding, continued an insidious approach, which did not escape the eye of the American. Seeing that a collision was unavoidable, he stepped down again.

As he did so, one of the Sepoys, in perfect keeping with the treacherous character of his race, discharged a gun, the bullet from which narrowly missed the head of Burton.

Simultaneous with this discharge the bronzed dogs bent

to their oars, and their light boats sped like swallows over the water.

The next moment a mass of smoke belched from the ship's side—a heavy boom rolled across the water, followed by the shrieks and yells of the dying victims.

As the sulphurous smoke was wafted from the eyes of the captain and the crew, they saw that the first boat had been torn from stem to stern by the hurling mass of iron, which had scattered death and destruction among the entire number.

Many had sunk, others were throwing up their arms and going down; and while they looked, the second boat sank out of sight, and its inmates struck out for the third boat, which was apparently unharmed.

But the occupants of the latter was in no mood to be drawn to the bottom of the sea to please their friends in distress. Bending to their oars they pulled rapidly for the shore, interrupted only by the fatal crack of the muskets from the ship, which was continually bringing the death howl from some of the Sepoys.

When the unharmed boat had reached the shore, numerous heads were seen on the surface of the water making for the land. As it seemed brutal to harm these in their helplessness, no shots were fired, and they were allowed to continue their retreat unmolested.

It was before the leading one had reached the shore, and when the crew were watching their progress, that one of the Sepoys was seen to spring half his length out the water, throw up his arms with an awful howl of agony, and sink out of sight. A second later the one nearest him did the same, as almost immediately did the third, followed by a scattering and panic among those remaining.

"What does that mean?" asked Trevanion.

"The devils are getting their full pay, the sharks are among them."

"It is a pity to see the wretches devoured in that manner. Cannot we save them?"

Captain Burton seemed to feel that humanity was in-

volved in the question, and he gave the order for a boat to be lowered, and to put out for their rescue.

By the time this boat reached the sufferers the sharks had made fearful havoc among them. Some had succeeded in reaching the shore, others were making frenzied efforts to do so, while one man was swimming bewilderingly around in a circle, as if completely dazed.

The fins of the huge sharks could be seen darting hither and thither in the eager hunt for their prey, who fell as unresistingly into their maws as if they were so many pieces of inanimate animal matter cast from the deck of a ship.

Making toward the bewildered Sepoy, he was drawn on board at the very instant that a huge shark made a plunge after him. He was literally drawn from the "jaws of death."

The boat attempted to reach two other swimmers; but in both cases the hyenas of the sea were ahead of them, and the poor wretches went under with that dreadful cry of mortal agony welling up from their throats. Bitterly, indeed, had the Sepoys paid for their treacherous effort to seize the unoffending American crew.

Probably of the hundred who left the shore, not more than one half returned. The slugs, and balls, and bits of iron, hurled from the cannon's mouth, together with the sharks, had completed the dreadful work.

The single Sepoy was the only one rescued by the boat. The men rowed about in the hope of helping some others in distress; but he was the only one rescued. With him they returned to the vessel just as the shades of night were closing over land and ocean

CHAPTER III.

THE SEPOY.

Ere the boat had returned to the ship, the inmates perceived that the Sepoy was wounded in the side, and was bleeding quite profusely. Upon reaching the deck he was examined by Captain Burton, who had picked up quite a knowledge of medicine.

An examination proved, however, that the savage was in no danger. He had probably been struck by one of the slugs or stray bits of iron, and a painful bleeding wound was the result.

As it was now quite dark, the Captain and Trevanion withdrew into the cabin with their prisoner. The latter was one of those coppery, vengeful villains such as only are found in tropical countries. He was apparently about forty years of age, somewhat wrinkled, with the wiry, horse-hair like covering for the head, the glittering bailish eyes of the American Indian, the sinewy, muscular frame, and the expression of utterly fiendish malignity, such as has made the Sepoy mutiny renowned throughout the world for its revolting outrages and unparalleled atrocities.

After his wound was attended, the Sepoy took a seat, while our two friends, sitting opposite, began an oral examination. As he had proved himself one of the mutineers, he was capable of imparting most important information if he chose.

He had already satisfied our friends that he had a tolerable knowledge of English, as he had given utterance to several expressions while his wound was being examined and dressed. As a matter of fact, the majority of these

exclamations were terrific oaths, sometimes appalling from their sweeping character.

"What is your name?" asked Captain Burton.

The Sepoy fixed his keen, glistening eyes upon his interlocutor for a moment, and then answered in a heavy voice.

"Tushne-tuna."

"Are you one of the mutineers?"

This question manifestly was misunderstood, as the savage looked inquiringly at Captain Burton, and made no reply.

"Are you one of those who have determined to end the British rule in India—and who are fighting now for that purpose?"

The answer to this was given by several rapid, downward jerks of the head. One thing was evident—the Sepoy was not ashamed of his faith, nor afraid to avow it.

"Are your people generally in arms?"

"Fighting all over—soon kill all England—you stay away—won't get killed."

"Somebody else got killed a little while ago, when you tried your tricks on us. We will go ashore whenever we please, and stay as long as we think best. Your friends may have matters all their own way for the present, but as soon as the British have shaken themselves, they will pay you for all this."

Whether this piece of information had the effect of deterring the mutineer from committing further evil, will appear in the sequel.

"Have you been in Calcutta?" inquired Trevanion.

A downward jerk of the head answered in the affirmative.

"Do you know a missionary named Herndon?"

Answered precisely as before.

Trevanion in his excitement sprang to his feet.

"Where are they?"

"Dead—are killed."

"And you shall die, too," exclaimed the young man, drawing his revolver and cocking it.

"Hold!" commanded Captain Burton, catching him

arm. "What are you going to do? To kill an unarmed prisoner?"

"But what has he done?"

"He lies. You can place no reliance upon what he says. It isn't likely he has ever seen your friends."

"You are mistaken; this is the neighborhood in which they are located. There is probably not a Sepoy within a hundred miles who doesn't know all about him."

"That may be; but if he was slain, this villain would not have confessed it. I know what ordinary liars they are. Had he stated that they were well and safe, you might then have occasion for alarm."

This had the effect of somewhat reassuring our hero, who placed his revolver away. But as he looked upon the swarthy dog, and reflected that more than likely his hands had been imbued in the blood of many an innocent and helpless child or aged person, he almost felt that it was his duty to rid the world of such a monster.

Captain Burton questioned the Sepoy at considerable length, but nothing of importance was elicited. The information that he received was only a confirmation of that which had reached his ears days before. Having completed his inquiries, he turned to Trevanion, and continued, in a low voice:

"Now that we are through with him, how is he to be disposed of?"

"Let him go. What good will it do to keep him?"

"He is an ugly customer, and I had thought of delivering him up to the British authorities."

"Do you know I have a fancy, amounting almost to positive belief, that that dog does know all about the Haddons and the rest, and that he has had something to do with driving them from their station?"

"Is a Sepoy capable of such a thing as gratitude?"

Captain Burton smiled significantly.

"I never yet encountered one that had any idea of what was meant by that word. That is the mistake of the British government: they treat them like spoiled children, and they are now repaying them for it."

"Do as you think best; but it seems to me it would be easier to let this scamp go."

"Perhaps it would. At any rate we will try it."

A few minutes later a boat was lowered from the ship's side and put off for the shore. Beside the two oarsmen it contained Trevanion, who acted as captain, if such an expression be allowable under the circumstances.

Deeming it somewhat dangerous to approach the shore by a direct route, Trevanion directed the men to proceed several hundred yards down the coast before landing.

There was a faint moon in the sky, and objects could be discerned only a small distance. They had not yet passed one half the intervening distance, when the ship was a dark, misty mass behind them, and the shore could only be dimly discerned in outline.

Trevanion was in the stern of the boat, one of the oarsmen next, and the Sepoy between him and the other seaman. The savage sat grim and silent, as he would have sat were he going to death or to a festival.

Suddenly our hero noticed a rippling of the water beside the boat. Turning his head, he perceived a monstrous shark following them. Doubtless it was one of those who had feasted on the discomfited Sepoys.

Trevanion felt a strong desire to empty the contents of his revolver into the blood-thirsty creature's head, but was too fearful of alarming some of their human enemies that might be waiting along shore.

The shark followed them until within a short distance of land, when he turned and disappeared.

Running the boat on the shingle, our hero stepped forth and motioned to the Sepoy to follow. The latter did so, and the next moment stood beside him.

"Go to your home, and when you find poor white persons in distress do not forget how you were treated when you were suffering."

The Sepoy made no response, but walked moodily away, wrapped in his own reflections.

The boat was shoved off and Trevanion had stepped in-

to it, when a form came from the shadow and hurriedly approached them.

"Quick! don't wait! The Sepoys are all along the bank!"

And pushing the boat away, Langdon, the scout, sprang into it, and it was rapidly rowed to the ship.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSIONARIES.

The East Indian mutiny is one of the most extraordinary revolts the world has ever seen. When at last the fires that had been smouldering for years burst forth into flame, they raged with a fury the world has never before known. Persistent bravery, malignant treachery, fiendish atrocity and cruelty that reveled in deeds appalling to the imagination: such were the characteristics of the Sepoy Insurrection of 1857-8. The Caucasian of India had long seen the premonitions of the volcano's edge upon which they were slumbering, but had never dreamed of the terrific lava-stream that was to overwhelm them with a suddenness beyond all precedent or parallel.

In the year 1855 a company of missionaries embarked from the shores of the United States for Hindostan. They went out under the auspices of the Board of Foreign Missions, and were destined to different portions of the heathen kingdom.

At Calcutta they separated, and exchanging farewells, the major portion proceeded up the Hoogly or Ganges to the Delhi and Oude districts, where they at once proceeded to their work in their "Master's vineyard."

The minor party, numbering some eight persons, with several native servants, took a south-western direction, toward the lower portion of the Bengal or Bakar provinces. Here in this spot of moral night, they pitched their tents and began their labor.

The leader of this deserted band of Christians was Ed-

ward Herndon, a man of fervant piety and remarkable force of character. He was about fifty years, of age and was accompanied by his wife, her mother, two daughters and two twin sons, Edmund and Edgar. One of these, May, was only fifteen years of age; the other, Jennie, was three years her senior.

In addition, there was an assistant missionary—if he might be termed such—by the name of Smithwell—a man quite aged and feeble, and with a heart that was young and enthusiastic as ever in his great Master's service.

He also brought his wife, but no children. The former was his second life-partner, and was his junior by a score of years. She accompanied the expedition with unfeigned reluctance. She was not inspired by the same self-sacrificing devotion that had led others to the far-off region, and and at first strongly objected to coming; but the quiet determination of her husband could not be set aside, and she was therefore compelled to make one of the company.

Jennie Herndon was the betrothed of young Trevanion, who has already been introduced to the reader, and before her departure to India it was settled that at the end of three years he was to wed her in Calcutta.

Trevanion was the son of one of the leading members of the wealthy firm of Arlin, Trevanion & Co., and a position had been arranged for him in the emporium of the Bengal province. At the time of her departure he was in college, expecting to graduate in the course of a year and a half.

The band of missionaries was transported to India on one of the vessels of this firm, and in due time reached the stations to which they had been assigned.

Here they labored faithfully and hopefully, until, a year or two later, the sky gave unmistakable omens of the gathering storm. As these premonitions took more definite form, they were scrutinized with a great deal of apprehension by the little party, who, in their isolated position, were entirely at the mercy of the treacherous people around them.

The letters of Jennie Herndon referred to these porten-

tious signs, and young Trevanion watched the course of affairs in India with an interest so intense that it sometimes became painful.

When finally, in 1857, he, in common with all intelligent men, saw the fearful ordeal through which this wretched country was doomed to pass, he had grounds for the gravest apprehension regarding the safety of his friends.

He wrote, urging them to remove to some of the seaport towns at once, assuring them that if they remained in the interior they would speedily come to grief.

This coming from a man who had never been within thousands of miles of India, to those who had spent years in it, bordered somewhat on presumption; but in reality it was the warning of wisdom. Many persons at a distance saw more truly the tendency of affairs in India than did the deluded people themselves.

All know how, in the face of incontrovertible evidence, the foreign population of India continued to trust and hold faith in the Sepoys, until they were completely at their mercy, and learned when too late that they were at the disposal of fiends who had never known the meaning of magnanimity.

The admonitions of Trevanion found but one believer, and it is scarcely necessary to say that she was Jennie Herndon. At first she kept her own counsel, but as the sky grew darker and darker she communicated her fears to her parents.

The latter although admitting there was cause for grave apprehension, still, when urged to take active steps, procrastinated, in the vain and foolish hope that by showing confidence in those around them, they would escape the massacre that might befall the towns and settlements further east.

And it was this same hallucination that proved the ruin of so many hundred Europeans, and at one time seriously threatened the British rule in India. Officers high in authority, many of whom had spent the major portion of their life in the East India service, refused to believe signs which fools might have read.

Sullen, treacherous Sepoys, whose malignant demeanor would have brought instant death upon them were they civilized soldiers in a civilized army, were dallied and petted like so many spoiled children. When it was found that one cause of dissatisfaction was the rumor that their cartridges had been prepared with hog's grease, thus forcing them to the use of that which their religion positively forbade, the authorities had the cartridges made in their presence, that they might see for themselves the falsity of the report.

All manner of concessions were made. Insubordinate soldiers were treated to a nominal punishment, or not punished at all; scowling Sepoys, upon whose faces Nature had written *fiend*, were given absolute power over innocent and helpless women and children; the reluctant promises of their officers were eagerly believed, and the most important trusts hastily put in their hands.

Finally a letter came from Trevanion, stating that he should embark the succeeding week for Calcutta, where he hoped to meet his friends on his arrival.

He earnestly entreated them to abandon their station at once, and lose not another hour, when their lives might hang upon an hour's time. The revelations already made proved that the Sepoy conspiracy extended over the entire area of British India, and the continued mutiny of the native regiments demonstrated the utter helplessness of the foreigners in the country until England could send formidable reinforcements.

The transportation of the latter, and the time necessarily elapsing before they could be brought upon the field of action, was the golden opportunity for the rebels. In short, Trevanion, like many others, almost despaired of England ever putting forth enough power to regain her footing in the country.

CHAPTER V.

THE JUNGLE SCOUT.

On the night succeeding the reception of Trevanion's letter by Jennie Herndon—and as it had occupied weeks in reaching her—a swarthy man, in the dress of a Sepoy, came into the house of the missionary. He was wounded and bleeding, and so exhausted that for a time he was unable to speak.

When he recovered he stated that he was an Englishman, Langdon by name, and was in the secret service of his government. He had penetrated to the very centre of the rebellion districts, and had spent weeks directly among the leaders of the mutiny. It could not be denied, therefore, that his knowledge of the insurrection was complete.

After performing several perilous enterprises, he had been instructed by General Havelock to proceed to the Southern Bengal District, and those contiguous, to warn the Europeans at the different stations to repair to the nearest posts where protection could be afforded them.

On his way thither, as he had done in all his former excursions, he had passed as a Sepoy, he possessing several natural advantages, which have been referred to in another place. He had stood by and seen the death of many an innocent person, he being utterly powerless to help.

Some miles away, he had turned aside to warn a merchant, who, with his wife and three daughters, were spending a few months at a retired spot. While in converse with them, they were attacked by over twenty Sepoys. Fairly entangled, Langdon took the side of his friends, and fought desperately for them. Every one of the family were massacred, the scout escaping by one of the narrowest

chances of his life. He remained hid until dusk, when he crept forth and took the nearest course to the missionary station, possessing barely sufficient strength to reach it.

The story of Langdon, as may well be imagined, occasioned the most profound emotion among the missionaries and their families.

Mrs. Smithwell first gave utterance to her lamentations.

"Just what I knew would always happen. You should have taken my advice in the first place, and never come to this country."

"It is useless now to lament. None of us could foresee anything like this."

"I did, and told you, but, as usual, you all thought you knew more than I did. But I don't suppose there is any use of regretting what has been done."

"None but you regret it," said Mr. Smithwell who deemed the occasion too important to be occupied in such infantile repinings.

"You needn't say that, James; you are very sorry this minute that you did not take my advice and stay at home instead of coming here."

"Let us have done with this childishness," said the old man, gravely. "The present, not the past, demand our attention. We must make immediate preparations for our departure."

"What! right away."

"Yes; you haven't an hour to lose," added Langdon, who was becoming uneasy at the indifference displayed by several of the family.

"It will be best to endeavor to reach Calcutta?" remarked Mr. Herndon.

Langdon shook his head.

"Sure death—can't do it."

"But did you not tell us that the principal mutiny is north of us—mostly through the Ganges country?"

"It is all around you; the whole country is rising. There is no getting to Calcutta over land."

"You are the best qualified to decide; please therefore, suggest the best plan for us to adopt."

"You must make for the sea-coast, avoiding every town and village along the way."

"Are none of these natives, among whom we have labored so long, to be trusted? Many of them seem to entertain an affection toward us."

"Yes," said Langdon, with an impatient oath "that's what has played the devil all through the country. These infernal dogs have been trusted and trusted, until the people are beginning to get their pay. There isn't one of them but what would cut your throat the first chance he got. Ugh! the cursed dogs ought to be blown sky high, and to blue blazes."

The scout looked around, and observing that he had the attention of all, he added:

"While we arrange the plans, do you see that all things you wish to take are gathered together and everything made ready to go at a minutes warning."

"We expect the arrival of a friend from the United States, who will shortly reach Calcutta. We hoped, and it was our intention, if possible, to meet him."

"It isn't possible. Is he coming on purpose to meet you?"

"Principally so. He requested us, as the surest procedure, to make for the coast, informing him by letter where we should be found."

"And how can you direct him?"

"We cannot; there is the great difficulty."

Langdon, whose slight wounds had been all tended to, and was now in as good a condition as possible, bent his head for a few minutes in thought.

"I'll go to Calcutta and meet him myself, and direct him where to look for you."

"And is it possible for you to accomplish such a feat?"

"No fear of me; I'm too tough a Sepoy to be suspected, and I've tramped the ground too often to be led astray."

"But what is to become of us?"

"You have to wait until I come back."

"But you referred to the imminence of our danger."

Langdon smiled.

"Do not imagine that I shall leave you here alone. You must go to the jungle—into a place so concealed that the black eyes of a Sepoy cannot detect you."

The company listened for a fuller explanation of his plan and the scout proceeded:

"I know of an old empty temple, close to the shore of the Bengal Sea, which can be seen for over twenty miles. I will direct your friend to that, and then come back and conduct you to him."

"But how will you reach Calcutta?" inquired Jennie Herndon, with much concern.

"Never fear for me. I will reach it as I have done. Your eyes will show you that I will pass muster as a Sepoy any day."

"How far is the temple from here?"

"We ought to reach it in three days if we ain't disturbed."

"And when there we may be considered safe?"

"I think so; but I may as well tell you one thing. There is little difference between your chances for life and death. None of you seem to understand what a real hell spot you're in."

If they failed to understand it before, they realized it now. All turned pale, and Jennie felt her heart almost cease beating, at the great fear which so suddenly took possession of her. None could fail to be impressed by the repeated declarations of Langdon, who, of all others was the one qualified to speak by authority.

"You see," he added, after a moments' silence, "you're known for a hundred miles around, and some of the devils will pitch for your house very soon."

"I thought that being so well known, it would afford me some protection," remarked Mr. Herndon, with considerable feeling.

"Yes, it seems hard that our labor should be entirely lost," added Mr. Smithwell.

"Not entirely lost," said Mrs. Herndon, in her quiet, Christian manner.

"I've no doubt that there may be many that love you

and would fight for you," said Langdon, "but where there's one of that kind there's a hundred of the other."

"I suppose you are right; but when our mission here is so fully known, what cause can they have to seek our lives? Could not the storm pass over our heads?"

Langdon gravely shook his head.

"Don't let such a thought enter your head; cherish no idea but what you've got to be chased by these blood hounds to the very edge of the sea, and that if you escape at all, it will be only by the goodness of God, and your own efforts. There is many and many a missionary in India that has already been put to death——"

"Just what I knew would take place when we came to this country," said Mrs. Smithwell, with a reproachful look toward her husband, who, however, made no reply to her uncalled for remark.

"There is one thing about which I would ask your advice," said Mr. Herndon, after a few moments' silence. "All our servants, with one exception, have left us."

"You understand what that means. Who stays behind?"

"He came to Culcutta from Moorshedabad, and was well recommended to me by the consul. He is named Moorshedabad Lieut. g."

"It is a bad piece to some from, some of the worst mutineers are from the neighborhood of Moorshedabad. Do you wish to take him with you?"

"If he will accompany us. I know him to be faithful."

The others united their requests with those of Mr. Herndon, Langdon gave his assent to the proposition, although a few days later, when well on his way to the jungle, he deeply repented it, and felt that perhaps he had committed a fatal mistake.

About midnight, the two missionaries and their families, bade their loved home a tearful adieu, and under the guidance of Langdon, made their way to the center of a jungle a few miles distant, whither they transported all the food in their possession, and made themselves as comfort-

able as the circumstances would admit. A few hours later, the scout was treading his way toward the great East Indian city of Calcutta.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEPARATION.

In the densest and most intricate portion of a vast Asiatic jungle, the little band of missionaries and their families picked their way.

They finally halted under the shadow of a gigantic banyan, whose massive foliage completely excluded the fiery sun. Here, surrounded by the exuberant tropical growth, which abounded with all manner of animal life, they prepared to while away the tedious days and nights that must intervene ere they could look for the return of Langdon, the scout.

Taught by many years of trial, to rely upon their great Master, our friends did not forget to whom to turn in this their hour of dire extremity.

The hours passed in the jungle were full of prayer and supplication, and the leaders of both families were hopeful of escaping finally from the country, until the simoon of death had passed. But in their quiet home, vague rumors of the awful atrocities of the Sepoys had reached them, and they knew not but what the same bitter cup was waiting for their lips.

Mary and Jennie Herndon were perhaps, more fearfully impressed than the others, with the dreadful peril that impended. Unknown to the parents, the latter always carried a small loaded revolver in her bosom, ready for any emergency that might demand its use.

Perhaps he dimly saw that the day would come when her life and honor would depend upon the same tiny weapon.

The great terror that hung over all was scarcely referred to except by Herndon and Smithwell and then only to each other. Each brooded the terrible subjects in their own minds.

Despite the companionship of each other, the time could not avoid passing heavily to our friends. The air in the jungle was hot and close, and the stillness that closed around them made everything solemn and impressive. Occasionally they caught glimpses of some wild animal and at night the air rung with all manner of sounds.

Langdon with commendable foresight, had located them near a spring of water, as there was little excuse for them to wander away. In the limbs of the banyan, they constructed a secure retreat from all wild animals and poisonous reptiles. Here they could retire at night and sleep in perfect security.

The banyan, whose luxuriant vegetation descends and takes new root repeatedly, is well known to our readers. The intricate intertwining of its branches, and matting of the limbs, are so remarkable that it really seems a merciful provision of Providence for the dwelling-place of man in those tropical countries, so overflowing with reptile life.

Mashmoul Lieng remained very close to the fugitives. He was silent and conversed but little, but his disposition apparently was to be faithful to those friends, who had been indeed such friends to him.

Under the providence of God, Mr. Herndon has been the instrument, as he firmly believed, of the conversion of this Asiatic from his revolting faith. He had professed Christianity a year before, since which time his deportment had been all that could be demanded from such a person.

When the other servants stealthily slunk away at the breaking out of the mutiny, he remained at his post. To test him Mr. Herndon advised, on account of his personal safety, that he should withdraw to his countrymen. His reply was merely a negative shake of the head.

And yet despite his creditable course thus far strange, tormenting doubts arose in the minds of both the missionaries. They conversed aside regarding it, and it occasioned them many a sleepless night.

They knew too well how frequently in the history of missions, the convert was carried away by the excitement around him, and mingling with the bloodthirsty demons in some murderous work, became the most savage of the savages. Nature, our dark, fallen nature, is powerful within us all, and there are many phases of it whose hideousness is appalling; and there are times and occasions when it rises within us like a giant, and sways us like the tornado sways the thistle down.

Was it to be expected, therefore, that this reserved Sepoy would be able to resist the swelling storm? Was his regenerated nature within him strong enough to stand like a rock against the assaults of the evil side of his nature?

These were the questions which constantly presented themselves to the missionaries, and which they never could dispose of in a manner satisfactory to themselves.

The warning of Langdon was never forgotten. Mr. Herndon frequently recalled that his assent to their retaining their servant was given most reluctantly and with more than one expressed doubt regarding its prudence.

Often through the day they watched the Sepoy narrowly. It was observed that he was moody and reticent, from which they were free to draw their own conclusions. Beyond this, it was manifest that nothing could be learned until some action upon his part.

Our friends had been in the jungle three days, when Mrs. Smithwell recalled that a valuable jeweled breastpin, that she had believed was among their effects, had been left at their house. She regretted its loss most deeply, but still she was not imprudent or thoughtless enough to ask a search for it.

Mr. Herndon, however, volunteered to return to the house, with one of his sons, and regain it, if it were still there. The expedition was so fraught with danger that all protested against it.

Even Mashmoul Lieng shook his head in silent depreciation, and finally offered to go himself; but to this neither of the missionaries would consent.

Mr. Herndon answered their protestations by saying that he was fully as sensible of the danger as any of them, but he should be extremely cautious, and upon the first or slightest appearance of evil, he would withdraw, and not approach the house unless assured that it could be done with perfect safety.

He added it was well that they should obtain a better idea than they had of their danger—to learn whether the open country was being traversed by the Sepoys.

No doubt this motive influenced the good man, but it is quite as likely that the irksomeness of his situation was another cause for his wishing to leave the jungle for what seemed to contain a spice of adventure.

"You see if we hadn't come to this heathen country," remarked the complaining Mrs. Smithwell, "I could walk right back there, and get my breastpin myself, without asking permission of anybody."

"I do not intend to ask permission, except it be from you folks," replied Mr. Herndon, in his good natured manner.

"No; but just let them see you once, and you will find out," she retorted significantly.

"Father, be very, *very* careful," pleaded Jennie Herndon, with tears in her eyes. "You know how you leave us—the only strong man is Mashmoul, and I do not know what to think of him. I sometimes have strange thoughts regarding him."

"Tut, tut, my child. We will be gone but a few hours. You know your father too well to imagine that he would run the slightest risk when he knows how valuable his life is at such a time."

Kissing his wife and daughters good-bye, he drew Mr. Smithwell aside.

"I will not be gone long. Keep an eye upon Mashmoul Lieng. One reason for my going is to test him. If he **conducts** himself faithfully during my absence, I shall then

repose more confidence in him than I have been able to do for the last week."

"You certainly fear no open violence upon his part?"

No, there is no fear of that. If he should attempt any violence, you have certainly not forgotten how to use your revolver."

"No, sir; nor shall I hesitate to do so, if the occasion demands it, you may rest assured.

With mutual admonitions, the two separated, and Mr. Herndon and his son Edmund set out on their journey to their deserted house.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENCOUNTER.

"Now, my son," said Herndon, as they approached the boundary of the jungle, "be very cautious about exposing yourself or making a noise. There is no telling how near they may be to us."

"Father, do you not think that I have learned enough of the danger which surrounds us to use caution? I care more to be of assistance to you, if you should need me, than for any thing else."

"I hope nothing will happen."

"Suppose we should get in trouble, what means have you of defending yourself?"

"I carry a single-barreled pistol; and that reminds me that it isn't loaded, and I have no powder with me."

"I have several charges which you can have."

"It is hardly necessary, I think, to tarry to load."

"Oh, yes, it is. Here, take the flask and load."

"How came you to bring the ammunition with you? Have you no weapon?"

"No, but I knew you had one, and I thought that it was more than likely that you would forget all about it, and so asked mother for the powder and ball, just before we started."

"You are more thoughtful than your father regarding such things."

Mr. Herndon paused, and under the watchful supervision of his son, carefully and thoughtfully loaded his pistol. Placing it in his pocket, the two men proceeded on their way.

A short time after, the two men came in sight of the house, and paused to take a survey of it, before approaching nearer.

A most thorough scrutiny, however, failed to reveal anything at all suspicious. No person was seen around it, nor in the vicinity, nor from their standpoint could they trace any disturbance in the grounds surrounding.

One of the upper windows was open, just as it had been left, and this confirmed Mr. Herndon in the belief that as yet it had been unvisited since their absence.

"Langdon is a well-meaning man," he remarked, "but a little suspicious."

"Perhaps so; but ought not a man to be so who has passed through as much as he has?"

"I am afraid that one who has witnessed the violence and bloodshed that he has, is inclined to regard everything with too much distrust."

"Isn't it safer to distrust than to trust, in such places and at such times as these?" was the pertinent question of Edmund, who, it must be admitted, showed more prudence and thoughtfulness than did his parent. The latter could but admit this, and he looked rather admiringly upon his son.

"It is you who ought to carry this weapon instead of me."

"No; I do not wish it."

The reconnoissance completed, they now began cautiously to approach the house. Still they failed to detect anything, and came to a tree within a hundred yards, where they halted.

"Here I will wait and watch?" said Edmund, "while you go in or you can do it for me."

"I will let you act as sentinel. You will keep a good lookout, and not fail to warn me in time."

"Never fear for me, father; all I ask is that you keep your eyes open. If I see anything I will whistle in this manner."

He explained the mode by putting two fingers in his mouth, and giving utterance to a sharp, shrill screech which could be heard a mile distant.

The preliminaries thus arranged, the father continued his approach toward his own house.

It never occurred to Mr. Herndon or his son that there might be danger in the house, and there was certainly little reason to look for it there.

He advanced straight forward and pushed open the door. The moment he glanced around the room, he saw that some one had been there since his departure. The furniture was broken and disarranged, as if it had been done out of revenge for not finding those there for whom they were looking. Scarcely an article remained but what was so injured that it was entirely useless.

The jewelry, for which he was in search, was in Mrs. Smithwell's room, up stairs, and thither he repaired. He ascended quietly and deliberately to the room, pushed open the door, and there—confronted two scowling Sepoys, fully armed, and thirsting for blood!

The latter was standing at the opposite side of the room, their black, devilish eyes fairly sparkling with fiendish exultation, as they heard their prey enter the door and walk unsuspectingly into his death-trap.

As for Mr. Herndon, he was struck with amazement, and for a second was unable to articulate. Then, gaining his presence of mind, he thought best to treat them as though he believed them to be friendly visitors.

"I was surprised to meet you here. It has been a long time since I saw you."

This was uttered with a smile, and in the most persuasive of tones, and the answer was an ominous silence, accompanied by a horrid grin that displayed beneath their hideous mustaches two double rows of long, yellow teeth.

They could afford to grin, for was not their prey hopelessly within their clutches?

Those who have never confronted a Sepoy, when bent on murder and outrage, cannot possibly imagine his hideousness. An infuriated Comanche Indian cannot compare with him. The glitter of the midnight eyes, and the fiendish atrocity that is written in every lineament of the countenance, are unsurpassed, if they are equalled, among any savage or barbarous nation on the globe.

Once or twice the missionary meditated advancing and offering his hand in friendship, but this he feared would precipitate matters. He therefore addressed them again but received no answer, and he speedily saw the uselessness of the effort.

Rather curiously he observed the jewel, for which he came, on a dressing-bureau, within reach of his hand. Quietly stretching forth his hand he secured it, and now meditated a retreat. He thought if he could descend the stairs he might fasten his enemies in until he could get beyond danger. But a moment's reflection showed him that if he were able to accomplish this doubtful exploit, it would avail nothing, as the distance was so short they could leap from the window before he could reach the outside.

He was in the midst of this reverie when one of the Sepoys, holding his knife in his hand, and bending forward, as if to crouch for a spring, began approaching him.

Mr. Herndon instantly drew his pistol.

"I wish to do you no evil; but if you advance closer, I shall fire."

The Sepoy paid not the least attention to this warning, but came on, as if he was decided in what part of his victim's body to plunge his knife.

Mr. Herndon, fully realizing his peril, aimed straight at his opponent's heart, and pulled the trigger. Simultaneous with the crack of the pistol was the death screech of the Asiatic, who fell dead on his face.

An unarmed missionary, and a fully-armed, bloody-minded

ed Sepoy shut alone in the upper room of the house. Such was the character that the tragedy now took.

Mr. Herndon glanced about him to see whether there was anything upon which he could lay hands. There was none, and, driven to a last resort, he clutched his pistol in his hand, and hurled it with all his might in the face of his advancing enemy.

The latter was dazed for a moment, and taking advantage of the momentary triumph, he sprang forward and caught the wrist of the hand which held the knife, and the two rolled the ground in mortal embrace.

Five seconds sufficed to show that the Sepoy was much the stronger of the two, and that the missionary had not the shadow of the chance. When they fell, the missionary was on top; but he instantly rolled over, and the barbarian came uppermost.

Placing his knees so as to hold Herndon immovable, the Sepoy reached out for his knife, which had fallen upon the floor, to despatch him. Ere he placed his hand upon it, it was snatched from beneath his grasp, and as quick as lightning buried in his own body, and a moment later, he rolled over, dead, beside his companion.

"I heard your pistol, father, and came just in time," said the delighted Edmund, as he assisted his parent to his feet. "Let's hurry away, for I think we have enemies close at hand."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEARCH.

Langdon, upon leaving the house of the missionaries, took the nearest direction to Calcutta.

His experience in the Sepoy country was too extensive for him to commit any blunder that seriously endangered his safety, and he had little or no difficulty in reaching his destination.

The location of our friends was about three hundred miles south of Calcutta, near the Mahamuddy River. They were something less than a hundred miles inland, at no great distance from Kattach, which is on the Mahamuddy at about fifty miles from the sea.

Should any one wish to trace the location of the Sepoy atrocities, let him take the map and follow up the valley of the Ganges. Agra, Allahabad, Arrah, Gwallior, Lucknow, Delhi, Cawnpore, and a score of minor places, were the scenes of massacres, beside which the virtues of the American Indians would have been a mercy. Even beyond Lahore, which is nearly fourteen hundred miles from Calcutta directly up the Ganges valley, the whirlwind of death and destruction raged.

Other portions of India escaped, but there were places, here and there, through which the flames burst like the pent-up fires of a smothered volcano. It was thus with our friends.

Secret agents of the conspirators had journeyed through the country, sowing the Upas seeds, which now bore fruit. Almost simultaneously with the mutinies in the more northern portion of India, occurred the rising of the Sepoys along this portion of the Bengal coast.

But Langdon after extricating himself from the meshes which surrounded him, met with no trouble until within sight almost of Calcutta.

At Barrackpore, only sixteen miles from the city, it required an unusual exercise of caution for him to get through; but, as we have already intimated in another place, he succeeded.

Once in Calcutta, his first proceeding was to hunt up the American vessel *Sea Bird*, in which Trevanion had sent word he would set sail from New York.

To his surprise and gratification, he found that the *Sea Bird* had been in harbor three days before he reached it.

Making his way to the ship, he presented himself to Captain Burton, whom he recognized as an old acquaintance and inquired for Trevanion.

To the latter he delivered a letter, which speedily explained the position of matters.

When Trevanion had read the short business note from Mr. Herndon, and merely glanced at the lengthy epistle of Jennie's and assured himself that all was well when it was written, he placed the latter away for perusal at his leisure, and then gave his hand to Langdon. "I cannot tell you how glad, sir, I am to meet you. I presume you left the family well and in hopeful spirits."

"I did; they are concealed in a jungle where they have only to keep quiet to avoid all danger."

"Good heavens! has it come to that—that they are fleeing from their foes and obliged to hide in the woods?"

"I need not attempt to tell you, sir, that their lives are in imminent peril every hour that passes over their heads."

"Captain Burton, see here a moment," called Trevanion to the officer, who immediately approached. "I believe you are acquainted with this man."

"Oh yes," smiled the Captain; "I knew him six years ago. I believe, Jack, you have been in the government service since this devilish trouble commenced?"

"Yes, sir."

"The difficulty is here: our friends are about three hundred miles down the coast, hid in a jungle a good distance inland, and are there waiting for help, not daring to venture out. Now, what's to be done?"

"I believe Jack there is the best qualified to judge. Has he proposed a plan yet?"

"No; I am anxious to hear him."

Langdon's suggestion was that they should cruise about two hundred and fifty miles down the coast, when he would disembark and strike across the country in quest of the fugitives, he agreeing, after ascertaining the condition of affairs in the neighborhood, to meet the boat again near an old heathen temple, where he would be joined by Trevanion, who would accompany him in quest of their friends, the Sea-Bird cruising up and down the coast while it awaited their return.

In our opening chapter we have showed how this was

accomplished. After beating up and down the Bengal Sea, all the time in sight of the old temple, they caught the signal of the Jungle Scout, almost at the same moment that Captain Burton discovered the appearance of a hostile party of Sepoys.

The attack and disastrous repluse of this party has already been fully dwelt upon.

When Trevanion took Langdon into the boat, they were rowed with such speed that they were carried out in the shelter of the protecting darkness before their enemies reached the shore. A few moments later, they were safe on board the Sea-Bird.

"Now, Langdon, what news?" asked Trevanion, when they were on deck and in the cabin, with no one present beside themselves except Captain Burton. "Have you seen them?"

"No. I went within ten miles of where they were concealed, but thought it not best to go any closer.

"And how did the prospect look?"

"Bad. You've just had a taste of the temper of the people. They are just the same throughout the country. If they once get on the trail of your friends it all over with them."

Trevanion groaned in spirit.

"Oh, heavens! if I had but a hundred American soldiers to march inland, I would rescue the poor fugitives and teach these devils a lesson that they will not soon forget!"

"How would it do to take a dozen of our men fully armed?" asked Captain Burton, while Trevanion looked eagerly to the scout for his answer.

The latter shook his head.

"It would be the death warrant of every one of them. They could not avoid discovery, and would bring down a force upon them that would cut every one to pieces in a twinkling; for there's one thing certain, these dogs will fight like so many devils."

"I see," said Captain Burton, "All depends upon cau-

tion. Your only hope of bringing them out of the country is strategem."

"You have the idea precisely."

"Let me ask you how it was that you and the Sepoys were in that temple at the same time?"

"Rather odd it came about. I went in there during the afternoon, and went, of course, clean to the top, where I could have the best view. I hadn't been there long when I made the Sea-Bird in the horizon, and was watching it until you got near enough for me to make our signal, when I observed a party of Sepoys coming toward the temple. I knew they had not seen me, and so I kept quiet, being careful not to show myself. They never entered above the lower part, and when you laid to off shore, it didn't take long for me to see that they intended attacking you. It was then I ventured to make a signal to you, although I run a mighty risk in doing it. However, you gave them a taste of your cannon that did me good."

"Yes. The whole thing was managed well from the beginning. There wasn't one of our men that suffered the slightest scratch, while they—well, they didn't get off quite as well as that."

"But the all important question recurs again," interrupted Trevanion. "What is to be done regarding our friends on shore, I take it, must be done right speedily. Now, what are we to do?"

"Since Langdon has demonstrated the fool-hardiness of attempting to march inland with a number of our men, there seems to be nothing left but for you and he to undertake it yourselves."

"And when is the best time?"

"Now—to-night," replied Langdon.

"But how can we land when those Sepoys are on the shore?"

"We can be taken so far up that they will see nothing of us."

This course decided, there was no time lost. Preparations were immediately made. These were principally upon the part of Trevanion, who examined his two five-

barreled revolvers, and provided himself with two rifles, one for his own use and the other for Langdon, the latter assuring him that there were three guns in the possession of the fugitives.

A half hour later, a small boat put out from the Sea Bird, and cautiously making its way about a half a mile down the coast, landed our two friends, who at once began their perilous search for their friends in the jungle.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAITOR.

If Edmund Herndon had displayed no small degree of courage and foresight, his brother Edgar was scarcely behind him.

Upon the departure of the former with his father, the latter hastened to Mr. Smithwell, and said in a low tone:

"What do you think of Mashmoul?"

"Think of him! What do you mean, Edgar?" asked the old man, considerably amazed at the abrupt question.

"I don't know. I hear him muttering to himself, and when I speak to him he scarcely makes a reply."

"He is generally reserved," said Mr. Smithwell, mentally debating whether it would be proper to let the young man—as he might rightly be termed—become acquainted with the suspicion that already rested upon the servant.

"I know that," answered Edgar, in reply to the old man's remark; "but he acts differently from what he ever did. He looks to me just like a man growing crazy."

"Perhaps he is—about to turn crazy like the rest of his people—crazy for the life and blood of innocent women and children."

"Just what I have thought. I guess if he gets much worse I'll shoot him."

"Shoot him!" gasped Mr. Smithwell, in amazement, as

Edgar uttered this fearful conclusion with the utmost nonchalance."

"Yes; that will be the most prudent plan—kill him before he can kill us. Isn't that the part of discretion?"

"But, Edgar, to shoot him before he offers to harm us would be wicked murder."

"Do you think it would, when we became certain that he *intended* to kill us?"

The old missionary hardly knew what reply to say to this. He looked wonderingly at Edgar Herndon, for he had never heard him talk in this manner. He discussed the disaffection and proposed fatal disposal of Mashmoul Lieng as a general would have proposed to his inferiors the movement of a portion of his army during battle. It was evident, at any rate, that there was no doubt in his mind as to the proper course to pursue.

"Do not let such a thought enter your head for the present. Wait until the return of your father and then we will discuss this matter."

Edgar sauntered away, but returned again, bearing two rifles with him.

"What a pity that these are the only weapons in the company!" he remarked. "We ought to have five or six more. You take this one, and I will keep the other, so that Mashmoul will not have any firearms at his disposal."

"Has he no weapons?"

"Nothing but an ugly-looking knife—large enough to kill us all with if we are not on the lookout."

"How does he seem to act?"

"Worse than ever. He is off yonder muttering to himself, and when I went up to him and asked him what was the matter, he looked at me just as though he meant to tear me to pieces. Don't you think, uncle (a term by which Mr. Smithwell was often addressed) I had better blow his brains out?"

"My gracious, child! drive all such thoughts out of your head. They come only from Satan."

"Just as you say. I believe he intends mischief, and the

surest way to prevent it will be to do—yes—to do—as I said.”

“No, Edgar, as I have said, entertain no such thoughts; but since you are old enough to be trusted with such secrets, and in fact hold the same suspicion, I may as well tell you that both your father and myself suspect him——”

“I knew you did.”

“How did you know it?”

“I saw you talking together more than once, and could tell by the way you looked at Mashmoul that it was about him. And then I knew it I suspected him you would do the same.”

“Keep a strict watch on him, and do not let him get the least advantage of us.”

“I’ll attend to that,” said Edgar, very significantly.

As he walked slowly away he saw Mashmoul Lieng approaching the spot where his mother sat, leaning against a tree, and reading. Edgar quickened his steps so as to reach the spot at the same moment.

The Sepoy made a low salaam, and then said:

“I ask a high favor of my excellent mistress,”

“What is it, Mashmoul?” inquired Mrs. Herndon, turning a leaf down, closing her book, and looking up at him.

“I wish to go away for a day or two.”

“And leave us alone?”

“You are in no danger. Nana Sahib cou’d not find you in this jungle, and I will not be gone long.”

“Why do you wish to go?”

“I have friends that I wish to visit—that I promised to see long ago.”

Mrs. Herndon was in doubt what answer to make to this petition, and she glanced toward her son, who gave her a very expressive frown.

“I would rather you would not go, Mashmoul; at any rate, not before the return of Mr. Herndon.”

“I wish to go very bad,” he said, with a displeased air.

“And I wish you to remain. As you are my servant, I command you, therefore, to remain until Mr. Herndon’s return.”

The face of Mashmoul Lieng was that of a fiend's as he turned on his heel and slunk away. As soon as he had retired to a spot about twenty yards distant, he lay down upon the ground, while Edgar Herndon hastened to the side of his mother, who placed her arm over his neck and drew him closely to her.

"He is a bad man," said the son, in a low tone, that he might not be overheard by Jennie and Mary, who sat about ten feet behind them, conversing upon some trivial, but, to them, interesting subject.

"I am afraid my command will do but little good. He is determined to leave us, and we, I suppose, cannot hinder him."

"I can."

"How?"

"You see, I've got his range from where I sit, and if you will only say the word, I'll send a bullet through his head."

"Not for the world, son—not for the world! What gave you such an awful idea?"

"If you are unwilling, I won't do it. I was conversing with uncle, and tried to get his consent, but he wasn't willing, either."

"It would be cruel and unjustifiable, my child, to think of such a thing. I suppose you mean it as something to insure safety; but there can be no justifiable excuse for taking the life of a man before he has made the least attempt to injure us."

"I have no doubt you are right, dear mother, as you always are; but, as I felt certain he meant treachery, it seemed to me the wisest plan would be to shoot him at once, then we wouldn't be bothered any more in thinking about him."

"No, no," smiled Mrs. Herndon, at the earnestness of her child. "God could never approve such a thing."

Shortly after Edgar arose to his feet, and carrying his loaded rifle in his hand, walked leisurely toward the spot where Mashmoul Lieng was sitting. The latter arose to his feet as he came up.

"Nice gun," remarked the Sepoy, glancing at the weapon in his hand.

"Yes; couldn't suit me better."

"Let me look at it."

"Look then," said Edgar, holding it up, but at a safe distance from him.

"Let me handle it," continued the Sepoy, impatiently.

"There's no need of that. I intend to do the handling for the present."

"I will give it back to you."

"No, sir, Mashmoul. This belongs to father, and it doesn't leave my hand until he comes back."

The Sepoy, perhaps unconsciously to himself, laid his hand upon the heavy, ivory handle of his knife. Edgar Herndon, however, noticed the action, and stood ready for any emergency. The native, however, said not a word, but, turning on his heel, walked away in the jungle. He continued walking until it was plain that he intended to violate the commands of his mistress and leave the party.

Edgar Herndon waited until certain that such was his intention, and then he raised his rifle and took a sure aim resolved to carry out his project of "blowing out his brains."

CHAPTER X

IN THE JUNGLE.

Edgar Herndon had just made sure of his aim, and his finger was pressing the trigger, when the gun was knocked up, and looking hastily around, he confronted his father.

"What do you mean, Edgar?"

"I was going to shoot him when you prevented me."

"And why did you wish to shoot him?"

"Because he has deserted us, and intends to bring back some other Sepoys and massacre us all."

"You speak as if you knew."

"I have thought that he meant that for the last two or three days; but maybe I am wrong," added Edgar, with a humility that showed he suspected himself disrespectful to his father.

"No; wou'd that I could think you were. I have no doubt that your feelings all have too good a foundation; but such being the case, you could not do right by killing Mashmoul."

"If he comes back seeking our lives, then you will not object to my shooting."

"Of course not," smiled Mr. Herndon, at the earnest simplicity of his son.

The missionary, it should be said, had cautioned his son Edmund to keep the affray in the house with the two Sepoys a secret from the others, for fear of unnecessarily alarming them, he deeming it proper, however, to make it known to Mr. Smithwell.

The latter, coupling this with the disaffection of Mashmoul, deemed they had imminent cause for alarm. The entire party immediately gathered together for consultation.

"I suppose," said Mr. Herndon, speaking generally, "that you all know Mashmoul Lieng has left us, so that not a single Sepoy remains with us. One great misfortune is that he should have remained until we reached our hiding-place in the jungle. If he had only bade good-bye to his better nature before reaching here——"

"Don't you think he d d ?" interrupted Edgar, in considerable excitement.

"What do you mean, my son?"

"He is the worst of all. He went with us, only that he might find our refuge and betray us."

This assertion seemed so plausible, that every one who heard it was struck with its force. Both Mr. Herndon and Smithwell believed it implicitly, and the sudden knowledge made them faint at heart.

"It never occurred to me," replied the former, after a

moment's pause, and in a subdued voice. "I fear you have spoken only the truth."

"What a pity I didn't shoot him when I had got such a good aim," was the dissatisfied exclamation of the boy.

"Perhaps, after all, we do the fellow injustice," returned Mr. Smithwell, as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"I would that there was reason for thinking so. At any rate, it will be safer to allow him to continue under the imputation than to imagine anything else regarding him."

"All then that remains, I suppose, is to change our quarters and be on the guard for his treachery."

It was now verging toward evening, and the party gathered together to partake of the evening meal. The food was spread upon the ground, and the blessing of God was fervently invoked by Mr. Smithwell, when all partook.

The day was very warm and sultry, and the exciting events of the last few hours left but little appetite for the majority of the party; still they ate, not knowing how long the opportunity would be allowed them.

"We shall have to move quite a distance in the jungle," said Mr. Herndon, alluding to the all-important question, "or Mashmoul and his friends will easily find us."

"Won't he be able to track us as it is?" inquired Mr. Smithwell.

"I think not, if we use ordinary caution. The jungles are so frequently traversed by animals, that there may be no fear of our foot-prints arousing suspicion."

"When shall we go?—to night?" inquired Mrs. Smithwell.

"I think not. Mashmoul will hardly return for a day or two. He will go off through the country, and if he makes up his mind to betray us, he will come back at the end of two or three days, with a whole party at his back. We will make all our preparations early in the morning, which will be abundantly soon enough."

"We will keep watch to-night?" inquired Edmund.

"Just what I was going to say," added Edgar. "They might come on us before we awake."

"You are faithful guardians," smiled their father. "Your suggestions will most certainly be carried out."

Mrs. Smithwell, it has probably been observed, has said little or nothing up to this time. She was as devout in her devotions as any, but she had not the meek, chastened disposition of the adult portion; but, understanding that her feelings were not appreciated, she had resolutely kept them under control until the present.

"I do hope, if we ever get back to the United States, or anywhere out of this country, you will be satisfied to let it alone."

There was no rejoinder to this, as all had learned that the part of wisdom was to allow Mrs. Smithwell to say what she pleased without gainsaying her.

"Dear me, if you had only taken my advice, and stayed away altogether. You know how much opposed I was to your coming."

Still failing of response, Mrs. Smithwell cooled down. She was satisfied.

"Father, can't I be one of the sentinels to-night?" inquired Edmund.

"And I the other?" instantly added Edgar.

"Do you think that you can remain awake until morning?"

"You know we can. If I can only get another good aim at Mashmoul or any of his people that come around, they won't bother us any more."

It was very evident the brothers were in earnest, if any of the rest were not. They understood the situation, and the importance of ever being alert and suspicious.

"Yes," replied Mr. Herndon, "I do not know as we could have better sentinels than you. Both of you have shown yourselves men, although you were not beyond being benefited by advice."

"And how is it with you, Jennie?" inquired Mr. Smithwell, turning toward the girl. "You seem silent."

"There is no need of my services, I suppose," she answered, with a slight smile. "Mary and I have nothing to do but to listen."

"And perhaps act, too, when the time comes.

"I hope we shall be ready——"

"Hark!" admonished Edmund. "I heard a stick break."

Silence instantly fell upon the group, and for a moment or two none seemed to breathe. The murmur of the soft night wind overhead, and the distant howl of some wild animal that was borne faintly on their ears, were the only sounds heard.

While they were listening Edgar was observed to reach out and lay his hand upon his rifle. Edmund imitated him, and the father deemed it prudent to follow their example, so that the party stood ready to do their utmost in case of attack.

They waited a moment, and hearing nothing, resumed their conversation in lower and more guarded tones.

"You must have been mistaken, my son," said Mr. Herndon.

"No, indeed. I heard a stick snap, just as if made by a person or animal in passing."

"It cannot be that Mashmoul has returned?" asked Jennie.

"Oh, no."

And yet the missionary, the moment the words passed his mouth, felt that he had spoken contrary to the dictates of his judgment. His great haunting fear was that it *was* the treacherous Mashmoul and his fiendish companions, coming with a perfect knowledge of their hiding-place and of their full power of defense.

"He may have found——"

"Hush!" admonished Mr. Herndon.

The crackling of the undergrowth was now distinctly heard, and also the murmur of voices. The hearts of all seemed to stop beating with fear, as the females cowered closer together, and the others examined their arms.

Whoever was coming it was manifest had no fear of the fugitives. The latter, so far as the twilight would permit, were straining their eyes toward the point whence the

sounds came, when the undergrowth was parted, and two men paused, and one remarked:

I think, Trevanion, here is about the spot I left them."

"Where, then, can they be, Langdon? Hello! yonder they are, this minute."

CHAPTER XI

THE MEETING.

What a thrill ran through the hearts of the famished, despairing, dying garrison at Lucknow, on the 25th of September, 1857, when the bag-pipe of the Highlanders was heard in the distance, and the ravenous fiends, who were waiting like the tiger to lap the blood of the helpless women and children, went skurrying, like the tornado-driven chaff, before the wild charge of generals Havelock, and Outram, and the 73th Highlanders!

For weeks and months the garrison at Lucknow had been pent up, sustained by the faint hope of relief from the ravenous devils around them. Again and again they had repelled their furious assaults, and again and again they had strained their eyes across the torrid plain, but still failed to see the wished-for help. The *Bombay Guardian*, in the summer of 1857, thus spoke:

"There is something inexpressibly affecting, and tragical even we may say, about the position of the little band at Lucknow. Encompassed by an immense force in what is now the heart of the enemy's country, cut off from communication with their countrymen elsewhere, they have nothing under heaven to support them but the hope, so long deferred, of the arrival of a British force to save them from a frightful death and restore them to liberty. Weeks and months pass by. They feel that all Britain will be stirred with profound sympathy, and nerved with determination to suffer no obstacles to hinder the prompt dispatch of succor. They know how impossible it is that their

countrymen should be for a moment indifferent to their fate; and they know the incomparable command of resources; and they say one to another, 'We have but to hold out a few days, an irresistible force shall appear.' When they heard that General Havelock had crossed the Ganges, and was on the direct road to Lucknow, less than forty miles off; then less than thirty-five: less than thirty, twenty-five, twenty—hope must have waxed strong.

"But the days come and go and no succor yet; the force has been obliged to retreat. Twice they pass through the agony of suspense; twice the expected troops come so near that they can distinguish the sound of their guns; twice they are obliged to fall back. Their own commanders have fallen one after another. Whither shall they look for help?

And when at last succor did come—when the infuriated soldiers plunged through the streets of Lucknow, bayonetting the swarthy devils—what rejoicing was there! How the sweating, begrimed heroes were kissed and embraced—how the bloody Highlanders forgot their wounds—how the generals Outram and Havelock were pulled hither and thither in the wild joy of the relieved garrison! how all this took place, we say has been recorded.

The feelings of the relieved garrison of Lucknow were those of the fugitives in the jungle, when Langdon and William Trevanion made their appearance among them. For a few moments, all was the confusion of joy. Trevanion had his hand shaken and wrung, was embraced, and questioned, and congratulated, until finally matters settled down into something like a calm.

A few minutes sufficed to explain the condition of matters; and, as there was now no probability of sleep visiting any eyelids, all concluded to maintain their watch until morning. The extra rifle was given to one of the boys, so that, except Mr. Smithwell, all were now provided with guns and abundance of ammunition.

As for Trevanion, it was felt by all that there was one who had a claim upon him which could not be ignored. When he had returned the cordial greetings, and acceded

to the demands of politeness, he took the hand of Jennie Herndon, and the two walked slowly and silently away, to a point where, although hardly beyond sight, they could easily make themselves beyond the hearing of their friends.

There was a full, bright moon, and its light penetrated into the jungle here and there, with a power that revealed everything with a strong distinctness.

Trevanion seated the girl, and then seated himself beside her. For a moment they did not speak. Each heart was too full. Then the handkerchief went to the eyes of Jennie Herndon, her lover drew her head toward him, and she sobbed long and silently upon his breast. Occasionally the tears dropped down his own cheek; nor did he attempt to stay those of his companion.

He could only join with her in thanking God for his great mercy, and press her fervently to him.

At length the feelings of Jennie Herndon came under her control. A calmness succeeded her outburst, and she looked in the face of her lover, allowed him to kiss her again and again, and then quietly lay her head on his shoulder, and their overflowing hearts found expression.

"When we parted two years ago on board the ship in New York bay, did either of us imagine that we should next meet at night in an Asiatic jungle.

"Did we dream that we would be fugitives hiding from the rage of those we came to benefit?

"O Jennie! how much have I thought of this for the last six months. Not once have I laid down at night without imploring God's watchfulness over you. You were last in my mind at evening, and the first in the morning."

"And do you suppose you were ever in mine?" she asked, looking up in his face with a quiet smile.

"I suppose so, occasionally; that is, when your thoughts reverted to the United States, and those you have left there."

"William!"

The fair head was lifted, and Jennie looked reprovingly in the face of her lover. But the expression of the one

word she uttered spoke everything. Trevanion attempted to brave that look, but speedily broke down.

"Those dark eyes of yours look as dark as a Sepoy's at night. Please don't level them at me with that expression."

But she gazed resolutely at him, and perforce he was compelled to draw the face against his breast.

"There, now! I can feel more at ease. Ah, Jennie, if you have spent two years in India, toiling and striving with these pagans, those years have added more beauty and charms to you than anything else."

"William! I will——"

The sentence was here broken off in an attempt to extricate herself from the grasp of her lover, but she failed, and so her head nestled gently down again to its place.

"There's where your head belongs!" said he, stroking her hair, and dallying with her cheek. "Please let it remain until I relieve it."

"You musn't talk so strangely, then."

"So strangely? It is the most natural thing in the world. You wish me to speak as I feel, certainly. Ah! this moment repays me for all the toil and worriment of the last six months. Were you expecting me to night, Jennie?"

"No; it was too soon. I hardly dared to expect you at all. I was afraid we should never meet again."

"But we have, and we shall never part until it is done by death. I was afraid that we should find that you had fallen victims. Langdon would hardly give me any hope. He said after he had left you in the jungle, he found such infuriated, raving people, all around you, that he feared they would hunt you out, in spite of the pains he had taken to conceal you. He said he left a Sepoy servant with you, the remembrance of which caused him more distress than anything else. I see nothing of him."

"He deserted to-day. We are in great peril, William."

"Not too great to prevent our extricating ourselves, I hope. We will start to-morrow for the sea-coast, where

the Sea-Bird is awaiting us. Four days ought to take us there, if we are not interrupted."

"We suspect our servant left us to-day for the purpose of bringing others to take our lives. When you two made your appearance, we were sure you were enemies."

"But let all talk of danger go for the present. We have been separated too long to let such things occupy our thoughts. Is your love for me, Jennie, the same as it was when we separated on the other side of the world?"

"No."

"What!" demanded Trevanion in real pain, raising her head and looking in her face.

"No; it is greater."

"Ah! mine cannot be greater," he smiled, drawing her impulsively to him.

"And you have come over ten thousand miles to seek poor me out when there were so many at home so much more worthy."

"Because you are a gem among ten thousand."

Here followed something remarkably like a kiss; but it is high time we drew the rein. It will never do for us to reveal love matters in this wholesale manner

CHAPTER X.II.

STILL IN THE JUNGLE.

The tropical night wore slowly away. As the morning approached, most of the females were overcome with slumber, and slept, and when day dawned the only ones awake were Edgar and Edmund Herndon and our two friends who had arrived during the night.

Although the safety of all demanded immediate action, yet, as they were likely to undergo so many privations and so much suffering on the journey, Langdon advised that they should remain undisturbed so long as nature seemed to demand rest.

As a consequence the forenoon was considerably advanced before the preparation were made for setting out upon their perilous undertaking. Their morning meal was made principally of fruit, all that was not absolutely necessary was left in the jungle, and in a short time it was announced that everything was in readiness.

Before starting, Langdon concluded to take an observation from the edge of the jungle, to make sure that no enemies were in the immediate vicinity. The rest had simply to await his return.

"I declare to gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Smithwell, "I hope, now we've got started, we won't stop traveling till we reach the United States. I never want to set eyes on this hateful land again."

"You seem rather severe," remarked Trevanion, with a culpable shortsightedness of the consequences.

"Not half so severe as I ought to be," she retorted, with

considerable feeling. "This country belongs to Great Britain, and what business have we Americans to be sticking our-elves in it? That's what I want to know. If we owned it, that would be another thing; but, as we don't, I say stay away from it. What have you to say to that argument?" she demanded, triumphantly, of Trevanion.

"Nothing," was the meek reply.

"Sensible man!" ventured Mr. Smithwell, in a good-natured tone.

"You say nothing because you can't say anything; that's the reason. You know, William Trevanion, just as well as I do, that all who wanted to come to this country are the biggest dunces that ever lived. I say again, being it belongs to England, what business have we to be traipsing through it, just as though we owned it? You wouldn't see the English do it in any of our countries; nor would any other nation, either."

Mrs. Smithwell railed on for a considerable time longer, but as there was found no one rash enough to contest the point with her, she finally ceased, as much from exhaustion as anything else.

Mrs. Herndon, her husband, and Mary, stood side by side, occasionally conversing in low tones, while Mr. Smithwell, smiling and genial-natured as ever, did duty beside his spouse. Edgar and Edmund had examined their rifles fully a dozen times to make sure that they would not miss fire in any emergency, and they were now discussing the best spot in which to shoot a Sepoy to end his career the most certainly and the most expeditiously.

"I tell you," said Edmund, glancing around to see that his parents did not overhear him, "I'm going to plug them right between the eyes—that's where you can fetch them."

"I think the left breast is the best. You're sure to smash up things inside when you do that, and a man that's got his internal fixings smashed all out of joint is done for."

"Yes; but then, you know, you've got to him right there."

"I know; but ain't you more likely to hit a man in the breast, than you are in the head, eh?"

"I suppose so, but I don't like that way of doing things, for all that."

"Beside, I don't believe, Edmund, you can shoot straight enough to do that every time."

"I'll try it, anyway; and the first time I miss will be time enough to take your plan."

"Can I not tell what you are thinking about?" asked Trevanion, looking down in the face of his betrothed beside him. She looked up inquiringly.

"What is it?"

"Home."

"Yes," she replied, "if we were only there again! Mrs. Smithwell is not to be blamed so much for repining at her deprivation. Just think of the little cottage at the foot of the hill; the honeysuckle that I trained at the door; the little garden—all, to think of all, and recall where we are to-day."

And overcome with emotion, she placed her handkerchief to her face and wept.

"Ah! my own native land! what would I exchange for thee?" exclaimed Trevanion. "Give me thy tempestuous winters, thy rugged hill, thy freezing storms, thy varied skies; give me them and thy pure air of liberty, and all other lands I hate."

"If we were only there this morning," said Jennie Hernon, vainly striving to keep her tears in check.

"If we were there this morning, we should find it is night instead of morning," laughed Trevanion. "You see it would never do for us to do such things as they do in this despicable land. When they have night we have day, and *vice versa*. I am glad of it, for I want no parallel between these heathen regions and our own native hills and valleys."

"Then, of course, you detest India so heartily you never have allowed it to enter your thoughts and——"

Further utterance was checked by a kiss that most effectually prevented all success at articulation for the time

being. Simultaneous with this performance, Jennie was drawn impulsively to her lover, and held there for two seconds—perhaps a little more or a little less.

"My coming half way round the globe to get to this infernal region, shows that it has never been in my mind until I happened to meet you. It does, of course!"

The girl's reply to this was a smile.

"But," added Trevanion, in a more serious tone, "I hope it will not be many months before both of us will see that same cottage, with its honeysuckles and morning glories."

"Do you think we will ever see our native land again? Do you really think so? Speak truly, William."

"I do think so; you know three days ought to take us to the coast. In spite of what Langdon says, this section of India is not one of the most dangerous. It is along the valley of the Ganges that the shrieks of the tortured women and children may be heard. We have the great advantage of having a short distance to go, and then there are six men in the company, four of whom have a pistol apiece, and five have guns. Fighting, as we are, for our lives, it will take a pretty large party of East Indians to gain undisputed possession of our bodies."

"We must never think of yielding to them," said the girl, growing pale at the very thought.

"Speaking of pistols reminds me that you are or were the owner of a lady's revolver when you left the United States. I hope you still have it."

"Indeed I have, and the five barrels are always loaded. It has never, for a moment, been out of my reach, for the last six months."

"I am glad to hear it; that gives me more confidence than ever," smiled Trevanion. "We are certainly quite a formidable party, not taking into account two dreadful looking knives that I have seen respectively in the possession of Langdon and your father. Where did the latter obtain his?"

"He visited our house yesterday, and brought it away with him. Some one must have left it there."

"No doubt," replied Trevanion, who understood, perfectly, all the circumstances under which it was obtained.

At this juncture, Langdon re-appeared and announced that the "coast was clear." Accordingly, the eventful journey was commenced, toward the destination which some of that party were never to reach.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SEPOYS.

Langdon took the lead, proceeding at a moderate but cautious gait, his head bent forward somewhat like an American Indian when following the trail of a foe. Behind him came Trevanion and Jennie Herndon, while the others followed without any particular regard to the order.

The way led mostly through the jungle, the fugitives, however, being often forced into the open space, where they were visible to any eyes that might be on the alert. Langdon scanned every suspicious portion of the country with his eagle eye, and his manner and action may be said to have been the thermometer by which the emotions of his followers could be judged.

Several miles to the right was a small native village, and it was from this quarter that Langdon was the most apprehensive of danger. These villagers, as a matter of course, knew of the proximity of their missionary neighbors, and in such a large community, it was almost, if not quite impossible, that there should fail to be any who were disaffected.

The natural result would be that the Americans would be sought out, and finding them absent, they would be led to turn to the nearest jungle, as their most probable hiding-place.

A delay in this hunt was the only thing that had given our friends their chance of escape. When Langdon left

the side of the Sea Bird, it was with the certainty almost that the villagers had tracked them to the jungle, and there massacred them. Beyond doubt, when Mashmoul Lieng's disaffection culminated in open desertion, he had gone straight to the village, where he was sure to find enough kindred spirits who would join him in his hellish work.

This, as we have stated, was the view Langdon took of the matter, and his gaze was constantly turned in the direction of the village, whose oriental buildings could be discerned now and then, when they were not hid from view by intervening shrubbery or vegetation.

About a mile had been passed, when Langdon, who was a dozen yards or so in advance, suddenly paused, and, raising himself to his full height, looked sharply in the direction of the village. Herndon, who was the nearest, followed his gaze, but detecting nothing, watched the guide.

He saw his brow contract and heard him mutter a terrible oath, and the next instant he turned and walked rapidly back among the fugitives.

"Into the jungle! Just what I expected!"

No time was lost in obeying his orders, and when they were fairly under cover, he vouchsafed a brief explanation.

"There is a party of a dozen Sepoys, all armed and coming straight toward the jungle."

"Have you any doubt of their object?" inquired Mr. Herndon.

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"How fortunate that we have left our hiding-place."

"Yes I must watch them," said Langdon. "All of you will please remain here carefully concealed from view, until I return. Whatever may happen don't attempt to leave this spot unless you are driven from it by the dogs themselves."

"But suppose you should get into difficulty?" queried Trevanion.

"Let me stay there, for there are none of you who can help me."

With this parting injunction, Langdon stealthily made his way forward until he was upon the very edge of the jungle, when he ascended a small tree, and ensconcing himself among the branches, prepared to take his observations.

Carefully parting the branches in front of him, he gazed out. Less than half a mile distant, the party of which he had spoken were visible, and to his surprise were coming directly toward the jungle, instead of taking a course that would cause them to strike it at the point where Mashmoul Lieng had left the fugitives.

This proceeding puzzled the scout somewhat, and he narrowly surveyed their movements to ascertain their meaning. His heart sank as he recalled that perhaps they had discovered him and his friends, and were making straight toward them; but he was quite positive, after a moment's reflection, that this could not be the case, as they had all hurried under cover at the first moment he detected them in the distance.

As he sat watching them their course changed. Instead of taking a direct line toward the point where they had every reason to believe the missionaries were concealed, they diverged at a greater angle than before, so that they would strike the jungle a third of a mile on the opposite; that is, their course was such as to bring our friends between them and the place they had been occupying as their camping ground.

This movement struck Langdon as suspicious, and as one that boded ill. It looked as if they had reason to suspect the flight of those for whom they were searching, and from some cause or other suspected the exact direction which they had taken. In fact, the scout was far more uneasy than he was willing to admit.

The party of Sepoys, he was pleased to find, numbered nine only. These were all large, fierce-looking fellows, mostly with those broad, ornamental sashes stretched over

their shoulders and around their waists, with muskets in their hands, while some had long, horrid-looking knives and swords. Their pants were gathered at the knees, from which point downward their muscular, swarthy legs were entirely bare.

One or two had no covering at all on their glistening, bronzed, clean-shaven pates, and take them all in all they were as villainous a looking set as could be scared up if a search were instituted through the four quarters of the globe.

"At any rate," muttered Langdon, "there's only nine of you, while there's five good rifles among us, and if you want to sail in, if we don't give the majority of you your death howl we don't know how to take aim and pull trigger."

By this time the party was about a quarter of a mile distant, and within a hundred yards of the jungle. Here they halted, evidently for consultation and council. They were directly under the eye of Langdon, who scarcely once removed his gaze from them.

Several of the Sepoys became excited, and it was manifest that there were most decided differences of opinion in their deliberations. One of them, a huge-looking old Satan, gesticulated furiously, and kept pointing down the side of the jungle, as though he believed the fugitives had not yet left their original place of concealment, and he was haranguing them in the hopes of inducing an immediate assault upon them.

It was with a feeling of grim humor that Langdon recognized in the man who stood next to this orator the former servant of the missionaries, Mashmoul Lieng. Had he not prophesied this course of his from the start? Had he not warned them to beware of this treacherous dog? True, he left them, when he went to Calcutta, with the consent that he should remain; but it was only in answer to their urgent entreaties, and with much misgiving upon his part.

And, furthermore, was not this the exact state of things that he had foreseen and warned Trevanion against? Was he not sure that he would make his way straight to the

village, and seek out the Sepoys, as bloody-minded as himself, and then return to bite the hand that fed him? Ah! yes. Langdon had not dwelt ten years in India for nothing. He knew a little about the people and their characteristics.

Mashmoul Lieng, it was plain, did not consider himself by any means the humblest member of the party. He certainly, from his knowledge of the fugitives, was entitled to consideration, and he meant that his claims should be respected, if furious gesticulation and blatant dispute could accomplish his point.

These two seemed to be the rival leaders, who found it impossible to agree. The others seemed to be somewhat bewildered, and in doubt whose counsels to follow.

Finally, however, Mashmoul Lieng prevailed. The huge Sepoy submitted with ill-grace, and the whole party started for the jungle.

At this juncture, while Langdon's eyes were fixed upon their movements, he became sensible of a tremor in the tree, as if it was shaken by some person. On looking down he saw the alarmed face of Trevanion looking upward at him.

"Come down," he whispered. "The Sepoys are in the jungle behind us."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEATH SHOT.

Langdon lost no time in descending the tree. Trevanion's story was soon told.

While the fugitives were waiting they were startled by a noise in their rear, which they finally decided to be the hum of voices. Much surprised, and not a little alarmed, Trevanion crept cautiously into the jungle to reconnoitre this new danger. The risk incurred in doing so was so great that he did not dare penetrate far enough to get a glimpse of their foes.

When he returned the noise of talking ceased, and deeming it best to acquaint Langdon with this new and unexpected peril, he had sought him out at once.

"This looks bad," said Langdon, with a grave air, "I'd no idea the dogs had gone in that part of the jungle."

"Do you think they know of our being here?"

The scout shook his head, all the time cautiously pressing his way toward where the fugitives were concealed.

"No; they would never have let you hear them talk if they knew you were anywhere about. Don't speak too loud. God knows we must be careful."

On reaching the missionaries and their families, they were found in a great state of trepidation. Voices had been heard again, and it was certain their foes were in the jungle, and in most dangerous proximity. Besides this, the immediate future actions of the band under Mashmoul Lieng were uncertain.

Langdon raised his hand as a warning for all to preserve silence, and to keep seated or crouched upon the ground. Doing the same himself, the whole company concentrated their faculties into the single one of listening.

The jungle scout was considerably puzzled to understand the condition of affairs. Who these were in the jungle behind them, and what brought them there, were questions which he could not answer. It might be that they were there casually, but a more uncomfortable suggestion constantly presented itself.

Did they not know that the fugitives had left their original place of concealment, and were they not searching for them? This certainly was the most probable solution of the difficulty.

In the midst of his mental debate, his keen ear detected the tramp of feet, and the next moment he knew Mashmoul Lieng and his party were passing the edge of the jungle. When their tramp had died away in the distance, and several moments of most anxious suspense had elapsed, the members of the little party breathed more freely. Finally they ventured to exclaim a word or two.

"How long will it do to remain here?" inquired Mr. Smithwell.

"No longer than we are compelled to do."

"Whither is that party bound?" asked Mr. Herndon.

"To the spot which we left an hour or two ago."

"How do they know where it is?"

"Mashmoul Lieng is leading them."

• "Is it possible?"

The expression of blank horror that overspread the faces of the adult portion of the missionaries' families showed how great a shock this announcement of Langdon's had given them. Despite the confident assertions he had made regarding this fellow's treachery, both Mr. Herndon and Smithwell, with their wives, had held a strong, lingering faith in his faithfulness. The latter even clung still to a vague belief, or rather hope, that he was merely leading a party to effect their escape out of the country. However

he gave no expression to such a thought, for he well apprehended it would only excite the pitying ridicule of the more experienced members of the company.

"We will wait here a few minutes longer and then be off," said Langdon.

"In what direction?" inquired Trevanion.

"Right through the jungle toward the river on the opposite side. That now is our only chance."

"And when there?"

"Trust to luck," was the sententious reply.

"Not to 'luck,' but to the mercy of Him whose mercy never fails," gently reproved Mr. Herndon.

At this juncture there was a gasping exclamation from Jennie Herndon, which she explained by saying that she had caught a glimpse of a crouching Sepoy, less than a dozen feet distant.

"Where?" asked Langdon.

"Right there! O, heavens!"

This exclamation was caused by the discharge of Edward Herndon's rifle, followed by a spasmodic groan, and the exclamation of the former.

"What's the use of fooling? I plugged that fellow right between the eyes!"

"Come," said Langdon. "Not a moment's delay. If we wait five minutes we are lost. Follow me!"

All rose to their feet and hurried into the jungle, without exchanging a word with each other, so great was their hurry to get forward. For some distance the way led through a portion of the jungle so dense that it was with difficulty the female portion could make their way.

"It was not until they had progressed several hundred yards that Edmund Trevanion was given opportunity to explain his shot.

"I happened to look behind Jennie," said he. "I saw one of those black-faced things, on his hands and knees creeping toward her, with a big knife in his hand. So, without stopping to ask him what he was after, I plugged him right between the eyes, and dropped him as dead as a

door nail. You needn't tell me that isn't the place to hit them. I've tried it and know it's the best."

"You did right," said Trevanion. "If a friend's in danger that's enough to know. Help him at once if possible."

"Yes, there's no use in fooling any longer," said Langdon, "The dogs know we are in the jungle, and they will do everything they can to find us."

"Are you going toward the river?"

"Yes the Mahamuddy ain't far away, and I've an idea we can get more show there than anywhere else."

"I don't understand exactly how that is to be?" inquired Trevanion.

"I cannot explain till we reach there. Mr. Herndon, take the lead, while I will hang in the rear, for I am pretty certain we are followed."

The words were yet in the mouth of Langdon, when the stillness was broken by several rifle shots. Mr. Smithwell threw up his hands with the ejaculation, "O Lord receive my spirit!" and fell stone dead.

"Drop flat on your faces!" called Langdon, dropping behind a tree, in which he was speedily imitated by every male member of the party. There was a fallen tree, behind which Mr. Herndon and his daughters fortunately were able to shelter themselves; but as for Mrs. Smithwell, she threw herself upon the breast of her husband, moaning in her distress, and oblivious to all danger, and heedless of the frenzied calls from her friends.

The next moment the entire Sepoy party under Mashmoul Lieng and the gigantic native, were descried coming through the jungle.

"Make sure in your aim!" called out Langdon, pulling the trigger almost at the moment he spoke. He was instantly imitated by the others, and with such fatal effect, that they fell back beyond their range.

"Now for the river!" called out Langdon.

"What is to be done with that?" inquired Herndon, pointing to the corpse of his co-laborer.

"Nothing; it will do no good to carry it with us, for God only knows whether we shall be able to get away or

not. Let it be; it's as good a burying ground in the jungle as anywhere else. Hurry on; don't wait a minute."

The arms of poor Mrs. Smithwell were disengaged from the neck of her dead husband, she resisting slightly at first, and then obeying as if she were in a stupor, and did not comprehend what was passing around her.

Not a moment was to be lost. Our friends fully realizing the imminence of their peril, made all possible haste toward the Mahamuddy.

CHAPTER XV.

TOWARD THE RIVER.

If the Sepoys had retreated, it was with no intention of giving up the pursuit and attack.

The fugitives had not penetrated a hundred yards further into the jungle, when Langdon announced that their foes were close in their rear. Requesting Mr. Herndon to act as their guide, he and Trevanion and the young Herndons determined to linger behind and cover their retreat.

The murderous reception of the Sepoys led them to be more cautious. They did not advance in the promiscuous haste that characterized their first movement, but came along stealthily, taking advantage of the protection of the trees, and looking for a specially favorable moment for attack.

It was not long before Langdon gained a glimpse of an impetuous native pressing rather too eagerly forward, and he "settled his hash" in a most summary manner, accompanying it with a taunting shout, for he now began to feel considerable confidence in the result.

The behaviour of the young Herndons agreeably disappointed him. He expected them to be fool-hardy and venturesome, requiring constant watchfulness on his part to prevent their entangling the entire party in danger; but they acted like "veterans," maintaining their positions behind the trees, darting from one to another with remarkable

agility, and firing at every favorable chance that presented itself.

The great danger was from a reinforcement of the Sepoys. This was not likely to take place at once, but would as soon as communication could be held with others in the neighborhood. They had learned by this time that they had no child's task before them in attempting the destruction of the party.

"The stag at bay is a dangerous foe," and when a party of civilized men are fighting savages for the lives and honor of their dear ones, no easy surrender is to be counted upon. We believe we have succeeded in showing that an East Indian Sepoy is the nearest approach to a demon incarnate that has yet been found on the earth.

The fact, too, has been pretty generally known for a number of years, and in the contests between them and the Europeans in 1857—8, the latter acted upon this knowledge.

They braved disease, famine, thirst, a lingering death—anything before consenting to fall into their hands.

Many a British officer, when he found that it was unavailing longer to hold out against his enemies, drew his pistol and first shooting his wife, turned and sent the bullet through his own brain, as the exulting Sepoys clambered eagerly over the parapets.

Trevanion was sheltered behind a goodly-sized tree, the hammer of his gun raised and in waiting for a favorable opportunity to send in his compliments, when a sharp "lookout" from Langdon caused him to turn his head.

As he did so he saw a Sepoy crawling along over the ground, in a stealthy attempt to approach and give him a treacherous blow. When he saw his expected prey turn and confront him, the native paused, and a hideous grin contorted his features as if he wished to ask, "what made you look around when I was coming up so nice behind you?"

The Sepoy had a most dreadful-looking knife in his hand. His upturned, glaring face, with the long, wiry-pointed, jet-black mustache drawn away over his cheeks, his white teeth glittering like a wolf's, his swarthy, lustful

countenance, his black, gleaming, hungry eyes, formed a picture as repulsive as it is possible for the imagination to conceive.

The distance was so short that Trevanion concluded to save his rifle charge, in the belief that he would need it very soon. Drawing his revolver he took aim and discharged it.

While he was fighting it the Sepoy scarcely stirred. He crouched like a statue on his hands and knees, with the same stereotyped grin distorting his countenance, and when the trigger had been pulled, Trevanion beheld the same grinning figure creeping toward him.

"If one doesn't answer I'll try two!" he muttered, again raising his revolver and discharging it, whereupon the native stopped creeping for ever.

"Blessed be the name of Colt," exclaimed Trevanion; "those are exceedingly handy little instruments to have about you, especially when there is danger of being bothered by such old reprobates as you."

The death of so many of the Sepoys did not drive the remainder. They held on with that dogged animal-like stubbornness which characterized the whole mutiny itself. During the overwhelming charges of the Highlanders and cavalry, before Cawnpore and other parts of India, when the natives were cut down, and lay struggling in their death throes, they struck spitefully at the horses' heels as they thundered over them, and their last struggles were attempts to injure their enemies in some way, no matter how trifling. They were, in fact, like so many wounded snakes writhing upon the ground—dangerous as long as life remained.

By this time both parties had learned caution. The Sepoys had shrunk back for consultation. Knowing the number that composed the families of the missionaries and having seen one of them already stretched lifeless upon the ground, they were unprepared for such a reception as they received.

The skilful volley that was poured in among their ranks convinced them that either the women had learned the use of the rifle, or they had received a reinforcement. The lat-

ter was so improbable that having failed to discover the precise number of the fugitives, they were loth to believe it.

For the space of fifteen minutes or thereabouts, perfect silence reigned in the jungle.—By this time Langdon had become fearful that Herndon and the females would get so far away, that the natives, discovering their flight, would get between them and their protectors.

Such a disaster could only result in the destruction of the entire party.

Herndon having been told to make all haste to the river would certainly do so, as he had heard Langdon remark, furthermore, that that was the only chance of escape.

Had the Sepoys seen them in their flight, they could easily send a portion of their number and intercept them.

One well-armed East Indian was sufficient to massacre them all.

This fear of the scout assumed such proportions that he determined to "outflank" such a movement.

It so happened that our friends, in "treeing" against their common enemies, gathered closely together.

Edgar and Edmund were behind the gigantic trunk of a forest king, each with his rifle cocked, and only waiting for his opportunity to demonstrate his theory of the most scientific manner of shooting a Sepoy.

Trevanion was scarcely ten feet away from Langdon, so that they could converse without the least difficulty.

"What does this prolonged silence mean?" asked the former. "I cannot understand it."

"Nor I—that is, with any certainty. There is one thing that troubles me."

Trevanion looked inquiringly at his friend.

"What do you mean, Langdon?"

"They are getting too far away. Suppose some of these devils know they are gone, and have given us the slip."

Trevanion turned pale at the thought.

"And why are we remaining here?"

"Do you and the boys make all haste after them, while I remain to watch their movements."

"Suppose we are followed?"

"Don't stop unless you are made to do so, and then give the dogs blazes!"

It required but a few moments for the brothers to understand the condition of matters, when they, led by Trevanion, began stealthily retreating.

The lynx eye of Langdon scrutinized the jungle, and he drew a sigh of relief, when they went beyond sight, without a shot being fired, or a Sepoy showing himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

Hurrying through the jungle with all speed, Langdon paused only long enough to make sure that he was upon the trail of his friends.

No rifle shot, or noise of conflict reached his ear, from which fact he hoped that his friends were still safe.

The Mahamuddy was only a mile or two distant, and enough time had already elapsed to carry his friends to that point. Still dashing forward, he was not long in reaching the river, and here, to his great delight, he found the entire party assembled.

"Are you all here?" he asked, hardly daring to credit his senses.

"Every one, excepting him," replied Herndon.

"Weren't you disturbed? didn't you see anything of the Sepoys?"

"Nothing at all."

"And have you seen nothing of them?" he inquired, addressing Trevanion.

"Not since we parted."

"That looks better—a good deal better."

"We are, then, clear of them, are we?" inquired Mr. Herndon.

"No, indeed: they have gone to the village for rein-

forcements. The only good thing about it is that we are given a little more time to prepare ourselves."

"Well, what is to be done?"

"We will commence by descending the river bank, watching sharply for some boat. This river, fifty miles eastward, opens into the Bay of Bengal, where the Sea Bird is waiting for us. If we can get a good boat, a long pull will take us out of danger."

The fugitives set out at once, and never did eyes scan the shore with closer scrutiny than did theirs. Leaving this special search for them, Langdon kept on the alert for his enemies.

It was now about the middle of the day, and the sun poured down its rays with a burning fervor, such as is seen only in tropical countries. The shade of the jungle, and the proximity to the river, made it bearable to our friends.

As a matter of course, in the pursuit of the journey, Trevanion found himself beside Jennie Herndon; and as he had had little time for conversation, it devolved upon him to make amends.

"Poor Mrs. Smithwell!" exclaimed the girl, in a low voice; "how she is to be pitied!"

"Yes, she has lost one of the best and purest of men. She seems to make no great demonstration over it."

"No; but she feels none the less deeply. She appears to be somewhat stupefied by her loss, but she knows that the greatest calamity of her life has befallen her."

"How singularly fortunate that when the Sepoys poured that volley into us, no one else was touched."

"Yes; many of us missed by a most narrow chance. Do you see how that curl of mine has been clipped?" asked Jennie, displaying one of her shortened tresses.

"I observe that it is shorter than the others."

"That was done by a bullet, at the instant Mr. Smithwell was shot. It came so close that I felt the wind of it upon my cheek."

"I have no doubt, one of the dogs aimed straight at you."

"Of course he did. Mother had one pass very close

to her face also. Did you have much of a conflict in the wood?"

"Not much. They learned to be cautious regarding us, and each party stood at bay for some time, waiting only for a chance to obtain an advantage over the other."

"Did you get into no trouble?"

"I can hardly say that I did. I had fired my gun several times, when Langdon called to me to look behind me. When I did so, I saw one of the blackest looking Sepoys crawling toward me on his hands and knees. It was then that I brought my revolver into play, and that reminds me to ask you whether you still have yours about you?"

"Yes; I have never parted with it."

"And do not. Dear Jennie, if we are overwhelmed, let me stand by you so long as I live, and do you use every charge of your revolver."

"It has five bullets in it; four for them—one for me."

Trevanion looked at her, as if in doubt whether he comprehended her.

"There is one barrel that I took especial pains in charging," said she. "I have turned the tubes so that is to be the fifth one. If that dread moment does come, I shall turn that revolver to my forehead, and pull the trigger myself."

"*That is right,*" exclaimed Trevanion, pressing her hand. "God cannot look upon that as sin. When death is sure, you only anticipate it by a few moments. But, Jennie, keep all such thoughts from you until that moment does come."

"I have thought upon it with too much deliberation to do it rashly."

"It is a fearful theme; let's talk upon something else. There is one pleasant feature in our case. Langdon seems more inspirited than ever."

"Yes; but observe, while we are looking for a boat, how apprehensively he is scanning the jungle. *There* is his great fear."

"Yes; he is only ordinarily cautious, however. Under

heaven, the safety of this party is in his hands, and he is acting upon that knowledge."

"Just to think—fifty miles away lies the Bengal Sea, and there waits your vessel for us. William, why could not that Sea Bird, as you call it, come up this river?"

"Perhaps it could, if Captain Burton only knew that we wished him to do so. But then the river is so shallow in some places that I doubt whether it is navigable for a vessel of the size of the Sea Bird. When we left it, I know that Langdon intended to take a shorter route across the country, so that it would be impossible to avail himself of any advantage the river might afford."

"If we had not had so many good rifles among us, we should have been lost when attacked in the jungle."

"Yes; they had no idea of our numbers and strength, and that is why they came on with such rashness, and were so effectively repulsed."

"You know, I suppose, William, that all the Sepoys are fatalists? That is one secret of their ferocious courage. When any of them become sick or wounded, they give up, and would die under wounds that would scarcely trouble us."

"That's pleasing intelligence in one respect," smiled Trevanion, "for if we can only succeed in wounding them, we accomplished enough. On the other hand, it no doubt gives them a greater headlong bravery than they would otherwise possess."

"William, isn't that a thick mass of shrubbery that we have just passed?" asked Jennie Herndon, pointing to a spot along the shore where the undergrowth was so impenetrably dense that the party had been forced to make a detour to avoid it.

"Yes; what a capital hiding-place it would be?"

"Maybe it is a hiding-place."

"What, for some person?"

"No; for a boat. The very thing for which we are searching."

"I guess not. Say, Langdon!" called out Trevanion, "hold on a minute."

The party halted, and Jennie's suspicions were made known.

"Like enough she's right," was the commentary of the scout, "I've been watching the jungle so close, that I didn't notice it. It looks as if it had been made for some particular purpose. Wait here a few minutes. I will find out."

The party waited and watched, while Langdon made his way to the suspicious point, and wading round in the water until he came in front of it, speedily disappeared from view.

But a few minutes elapsed, ere a long, dark Indian boat slowly glided out, with the Jungle Scout seated in the stern, controlling it by means of a long powerful paddle.

Trevanton could hardly restrain himself from giving a shout. How opportune was the discovery! Just in the nick of time.

Skillfully guiding it along the bank, Langdon brought it to rest directly in front of the party. In a moment they were all in it.

"For this, the bright eyes of Miss Herndon are to be thanked," said he.

When they were all seated, it was found that boat was able to contain twice their number. Still, Langdon remained motionless, hesitating about putting out in the river.

"For what are you waiting?" inquired Mr. Herndon.

"There are two things that I don't like about this boat," he answered. "In the first place, this is the only paddle—there is no remedy for that; but you observe how thin the sides of the boat are. A bullet from the bank would pass through it from stem to stern, as easily as if it were paper. You see, then, that we will be nothing but so many targets set up to be fired at, with the certainty of each being hit."

All saw the force of Langdon's objections, and Trevanton asked.

"Can we adopt nothing that will guard us against this fate?"

"I think we can. We have only to make it bullet-proof. Wait a minute."

Springing ashore, he was gone but a few minutes, when he returned with an old decayed log. Laying this down, in a few moments he deposited another beside it.

"Now," said he, "we will see what we can do."

The logs answered admirably. They were extended full length along the boat, stretching almost entirely from stem to stern, and so placed that they were against the sides. This arrangement, it will be seen, guarded our friends on either side by a log of such thickness that no bullet could reach them, if but ordinary precaution were used.

The boat sinking some six inches in the water, and the logs resting on supports, that held them almost that distance above the bottom, our friends were thus securely guarded to their waists when in the ordinary sitting position.

In case their enemies appeared on shore, they had only to lean forward and downward to protect their persons against all the bullets that might be rained upon them.

"What do you think of that?" asked Langdon, when the arrangements was completed.

"It answers admirably," replied Mr. Herndon. "What could we have accomplished without your assistance?"

"Under heaven, he is our salvation," said Trevanion.

"We are not quite ready to embark yet," added Langdon; "we must have an anchor."

This was found in the shape of a large stone, to which a strong cord in their possession was attached, and then Langdon pronounced the outfit complete.

"I question the prudence of our venturing out into the river just now," remarked Trevanion speaking respectfully to Langdon.

"And why so?" inquired the latter.

"In the first place, the sun is very hot, and if we are in the middle of the current we are more easily seen. Why

not row in under the bushes along shore, and remain there till nightfall?"

"I have been thinking of that. The Sepoys will soon be here, and if they find us gone, and do not see us out in the stream, they will take it for granted, at once, that we are somewhere in these parts, and they will pounce on us before we know anything about them."

"Besides that, the great point is to get forward, and every hour on the river brings us so much nearer safety," remarked Mr. Herndon, in support of the advice of the Jungle Scout.

"I see that I was wrong," laughed Trevanion.

Langdon now carefully rowed the boat to the very centre of the river, which, at this place, was about a quarter of a mile in width. The sun beat down with such fury that he counseled his friends to sprinkle water upon their heads, at intervals, to guard against *coup de soleil*.

"We can do better than that," said Mrs. Herndon, producing a couple of fine linen counterpanes. These were speedily arranged so as to form a tasteful and most grateful awning.

"What more can we wish?" asked Jennie Herndon; "bullet-proof walls beside us, protection from the sun overhead, and gliding slowly homeward."

"You see that island yonder?" asked Langdon, pointing down stream to a small piece of land, almost devoid of vegetation, not more than a quarter of a mile distant.

All saw it, as a matter of course.

"Well, if we can only reach that without being seen, we may remain there until night, and then get a good way before morning, and—furies! just my luck!"

The last exclamation was caused by the sight of over fifty Sepoys, some mounted and others on foot, who suddenly made their reappearance along the bank, and commenced shouting, yelling, brandishing all manner of things they could lay hold of, and discharging a perfect hail-storm of bullets into the little boat.

Many of these penetrated the side of the boat, but the log protection was reliable, and kept all safe. All bowed

forward to conceal their persons, except Langdon, who remained defiantly erect, calmly guiding the boat with the current.

Every moment the numbers on shore began to increase, until something like a dozen appeared on the left bank. Less than a half mile down stream, the river suddenly narrowed a great deal, and Langdon, after carefully weighing the danger, concluded that it would never do to attempt to pass this, with so many howling hounds along shore.

Accordingly he guides the boat toward the island, and a few moments later the bow struck, and remained immovable.

"Here we must remain for the present," said Langdon. "See that your guns are loaded, for they may attempt to capture us."

Scarcely ten minutes elapsed, when a dozen Sepoys rode out in the river on their horses, and commenced approaching the island. The depth was so shallow, that this could be done without making their animals swim.

When they were yet a goodly distance, Trevanion and Langdon sent a couple of bullets among them. This seemed to satisfy them that the fugitives had not all been shot, and they instantly retired to the shore, where preparations were made to secure the capture of the boat and its occupants.

The island was surrounded, it may be said. Each bank was occupied by the enemies, while a number rode half way out to the channel on their horses, and there waited until the prey should fall into their hands.

Thus matters stood when night settled over the scene. Most unfortunately the moon was bright and full, and the glistening river was in such plain view, that a piece of floating stick, the size of a man's hand, could be seen from the shore. Under these circumstances, had the boat attempted flight, it could have been overwhelmed upon reaching the narrow part of the river, if not before.

Our friends had been in earnest consultation, and when the night was well advanced, Langdon quietly slipped in

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the water, and began swimming down stream. He had gone scarcely a hundred feet, when he was discovered and fired at, while those in the water rode toward him.

Under these circumstances he could only return, with the discouraging announcement:

"No use; there's too bright a moon, and them fellows have got too keen a pair of eyes."

CHAPTER XVII.

SAVED.

"We may as well give up first as last," said Mr. Hern-
don, who was very much distressed with the aspect affairs
had assumed since starting in the boat.

"Give up!" repeated Langdon; "no, sir! I've outwit-
ted them devils more than once, and I'll do it again."

"You will be a sharp man, if you can do it the way
things now look. This moon makes it almost like broad
noonday."

"It's pretty bad, I allow, but a Sepoy can be fooled as
well as any other person. Keep up a good heart, for I'll
show you something yet.. If I do get away, do you re-
main here until I come back, and pepper every Sepoy
that attempts to come near you."

A few minutes later, the Jungle Scout began creeping
cautiously forward, on his hands and face, toward the
lower end of the island. He left his rifle with his friends
behind him, as he said he did not need it in the attempt
he was about to make. He remained so flat on his face
and so close to the ground, that there was little, if any
probability of his identity being suspected by those upon
shore, although they were maintaining a vigilant watch.

Reaching the corner end of the island, he found him-
self among a mass of driftwood, that had covered every
portion of the land during some furious freshet. Detach-
ing a goodly-sized piece of this, he set it afloat, and then
watched the result. It had floated about a hundred feet,
when it attracted the intention of the Sepoys, who began
a furious fire upon it, as before, while several rode out to
intercept it.

When it had gone several hundred, yards it was cap-

tured by the active large men. Landgon indulged in a grim smile. This far all well.

A few moments, another piece of driftwood was set loose, which was fired into and intercepted almost as eagerly as before. Again the Jungle Scout ventured to smile. He would not have matters different, if he could.

A third, a fourth, and a fifth piece of wood was set afloat in precisely the same manner as the first. The sixth attracted no notice from the disgusted Sepoys; nor did the seventh, nor the eighth. And now Langdon concluded it was about time to attempt his stratagem.

Shoving into the water a stick of about the same length as the others, he followed it, keeping as much of his body under the surface as possible. When the depth reached his waist, he began swimming, keeping his head close beside the stick, and holding on to a slight projection with his hand, while he was careful not to go any faster than the current.

The Sepoys had been annoyed with too many of the trifles to pay any heed to this, and so the Jungle Scout floated directly by their faces, and finely disappeared down the river.

"He has gone!" was the exultant exclamation of Trevanion, when a full hour had elapsed without the least commotion on shore; "he has gone, and not one of them suspect it."

"Langdon is a consummate scout," said Mr. Herndon; "but I do not see how his absence can benefit us. It will take him two or three days to reach the ship and as many for him to return with help, and where shall we be by that time?"

"It will not require that amount of time. He will be on board the Sea Bird by to-morrow night, and they will be here within forty-eight hours after."

"That is three days at the least—can we hold out until then? Suppose that they attempt to come out upon the island, now that Langdon is gone, we have no means of keeping them away. We can drink the river water, but

our provisions are nearly gone, and we scarcely dare venture a dozen feet from the boat."

"That is unpleasant, certainly; but when our lives depend upon it, can we not submit?"

"I may be unduly depressed, but I think our prospects never looked so gloomy as they do this minute. We are in the hands of Him who will do with us as seemeth best."

At this juncture, a suppressed groan from Mrs. Smithwell told how deeply stricken was her heart.

"I believe, Fanny," said Mr. Herndon, "that your husband is the most fortunate one of the party—a short agony, and he was free; while we—for what are we waiting?"

"I'm waiting to get another chance to plug one of them between the eyes," said young Herndon, while his brother hastened to add:

"And I'm anxious for a shot in the left breast, to show what I can do."

"Keep your guns ready, for I've no doubt you will have the chance," replied Trevanion. "I am willing to admit that we have good reason to feel gloomy, but still no just cause for despair."

"Do you really have hope?" asked Jennie Herndon, in a low voice, to her lover.

He pressed her to him, as he made answer:

"Yes; has not Langdon given us every reason for faith in his skill and success? He surely would not have ventured away from this island leaving us entirely alone, unless he was sure there was good to result from it."

"But think of to-morrow, the next day, and the day after. What is to become of us during all that time?"

"It may be unpleasant to be cramped up here; but, as I told your father, we can submit to almost anything that offers a shadow of chance for escape from those on shore."

"I am glad you are so hopeful, for if you were not, I cannot tell what would become of me."

"Keep up a good heart, for we all need to encourage each other, in such times as these. Dearest Jennie, re-

member that we are here together, and if die we must, we will die together."

Her reply was a sob, for her heart was overflowing. Trevanion drew her head upon his breast, and added:

"We are all well armed, with plenty of ammunition and pistols, besides the five rifles. The Sepoys are so afraid of us, that they dare not venture out, and we have only to wait and hope."

"See here," exclaimed Edmund Herndon, in a glow of exultation; "if we've got to stay here for two or three days, what's the use of staying in the boat? There's plenty of wood on the island—let's make a fort."

This proposal was discussed with great interest, and all finally agreed that it was a capital suggestion. There was an accumulation of driftwood that afforded an ample supply of all material, and our friends set to work at once.

Of course, no elaborate shelter could be prepared. The sticks were gathered together, and so arranged as to offer a wall fully a foot in thickness to the shots of their enemies. These wooden walls were about five feet in height. Over the top was stretched an awning, and there was an opening toward the river, about a rod distant, to which any one could creep in security, by means of the two logs from the boat.

The Sepoys could not have failed to see the fugitives at work; but, as they doubtless considered their capture certain, they were willing to let them amuse themselves as much as they choose.

If the bravery of the fugitives could keep such a force at a distance, there was one enemy they could not resist, and that was *hunger*. No matter how well-supplied with food they might be, it must grow less and less each day, until there was none left, when they would fall like ready fruit into their hands.

They being entirely environed, (as the matter presented itself to the Sepoys,) they could receive no earthly assistance from the outside, and must succumb sooner or later. The vengeful natives could therefore afford to wait and allow their prey to save their bullets.

The fort, as it may properly be termed, was a rough construction of two irregular apartments. One of these, scarcely large enough to contain two persons, was made exclusively for the females, while the other was intended solely for the defense.

When the hot morning sun broke over India, the little fort was completed, and Trevanion had brought in a vessel of water, that none might be compelled to expose themselves more than was really necessary through the day.

Among the Sepoys on shore were noticed a number of woman, who seemed more clamorous than the men for the blood of the fugitives. All told, the force numbered scarcely less than a hundred, and yet the entire force was fearful of attacking the small body of fugitives brought to bay upon the island.

Had the natives chosen boldly to advance across the river upon the island, our friends could not have helped themselves. They would have slain numbers of their enemies, but they might have emptied every barrel of their weapons with fatal effect, and still have to encounter numbers against whom there could be no successful resistance.

But unquestionable as was the courage of the Sepoys, there were none of them who were anxious to immolate themselves for the benefit of their friends, especially when, as we have stated, they saw not the least necessity.

One of the Sepoys venturing incautiously within range, during the forenoon, was most effectually "plugged" by Edgar Herndon, who was in great glee over his achievement.

Edmund, not to be behind hand, gained a chance at a horseman before the day passed, and demonstrated the advantage of his species of warfare, for the horseman rolled mortally wounded from his animal.

The first day wore painfully away. The novelty of their situation, and the short time already spent there, made their lot somewhat endurable. Still the burning sun made the heat almost overpowering. The awning was a most pleasant provision—without it, they would have

surely succumbed. How wearily drags the time to those in waiting! Trevanion felt that no lot could be as sweet as the eternal companionship of Jennie Herndon; but when he saw her bowed down with anguish and suffering, and was physically miserable himself, the time could not but drag heavily.

During the afternoon, she fell into a quite slumber that lasted until after dark. It was during this interval that the time passed with such painful slowness. Trevanion would look at his watch, and when he judged that an hour had elapsed, would look at it again, and find that only ten or fifteen minutes had passed.

At evening, as at morning, Mr. Herndon offered up his fervent prayers to heaven, and then those who were to sleep prepared themselves for the night.

It was arranged that Edmund Herndon and Trevanion should maintain guard. Jennie Herndon having had sufficient slumber, agreed to spend a portion of the night in the same duty.

This was especially agreeable to our hero, who had been deprived of her company when he needed it the most. Seating themselves where they could command a full view of their enemies, they began their night vigil.

"How much longer is this to last?" asked Jennie.

"Until it is finished," laughed her lover.

"You must be exhausted from this terrible heat."

"My greatest trouble is in the necessity for moving about. I cannot remain motionless for any length of time without suffering. If I could run and exercise myself for a half an hour, I should feel entirely well."

Jennie Herndon was so depressed and gloomy, that even the forced cheerfulness of her lover could not rally her. She sat with her head upon his shoulder, sobbing nearly the entire night. She had absolutely given up all hope. She had a shuddering terror of the fate awaiting them all, and asked Trevanion to propose that they should all shoot each other, and leave nothing but their corpses for the human tigers. He endeavored to laugh such notions

away, but he was beginning to be sadly depressed himself.

The second day was terrible. The heat was so intense, that Edgar, Edmund, May Herndon, and her mother, were prostrated. Trevanion had never suffered so much in his life. He had no appetite through the day, and his brain seemed on fire. At night, he and Mr. Herndon were the only ones who retained their faculties.

They consulted long and earnestly. Herndon proposed that they should surrender; he urged it as the only thing that offered the shadow of a chance.

"Wait till morning," was the reponse.

And when morning dawned, Trevanion looked around him. His friends seemed dying and crazy. The Sepoys were still clustering along shore; he felt that their hearts must melt with pity when acquainted with their condition. What could he do?

He rose on his feet to attract the attention of his enemies. At that instant he glanced down the river; the next he was springing frantically up and down, and waving his hat

"Thank God! we are saved, we are saved!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEA BIRD.

The skillful and ingenious manner in which the Jungle Scout made his escape from the beleaguered island has been already shown.

As soon as he had descended the Mahamuddy far enough to avoid the view of his enemies, he swam to shore, and commenced his hurried march toward the Bengal Sea.

The distance was so great, and the time so pressing, that he determined to make the journey on horseback. He proceeded openly and rapidly, for he had no fear of suspicion from those he encountered. As has been remarked in another place, he resembled a Sepoy so closely, that he never hesitated to show himself in the midst of the most disaffected.

He had taken the land but a few minutes when he met an old man on horseback. This was the golden opportunity for which he was longing, and catching the bridle he drew his pistol and ordered the native to dismount. The latter had nothing to do but to obey, and he slid off gracefully and with no little amazement.

Vaulting upon the animal's back, Langdon turned his head toward the Bengal Sea and started him at a full run.

All night long he kept him at the tremendous pace, and when the morning dawned he was well on his way. The rate was continued until nightfall, with only such intermissions as he was compelled to make.

Just as night was closing, and when over a dozen miles from his destination, to his unbounded astonishment and

delight, he descried the Sea Bird carefully making its way up the Mahamuddy. Giving his horse full rein, he hurried to the shore, and hailing the vessel was speedily taken on board.

"What does this mean?" he asked, the moment he confronted Captain Burton.

"You recollect that old Sepoy, Tushne-tuna, who was wounded and taken on board on the night we were attacked?"

"Yes."

"Yonder he stands, acting as our pilot."

"But what put it in your head to come up the river?"

"He came to us this forenoon and said he knew where the missionaries lived; that they needed assistance immediately as it was arranged that they should all be put to death. He offered to pilot me to a point that was within a few miles of where they lived, and after some deliberation I accepted his offer, and here we are. But what brings you here when you must be so sorely needed elsewhere?"

"I left them on a little island in the river, surrounded, and all hope of escape cut off. I managed to get away, and was after you to implore you to come at once; for if you do not they are all lost."

"It is fortunate, then, that we have started."

"It is, indeed; if the Sepoys knew of my escape I do not believe they would wait a moment to attack them. But we gave them so many bitter pills they became a little fearful."

"Still there is no time to lose. We are going on as rapidly as possible."

Langdon gave a detailed account of what had taken place since he went inland with Trevani n, after which he partook of refreshments and lay down to slumber.

The Sea Bird continued on her way all night and the next day.

The winding of the river, and its shallowness in many places, made their progress painfully slow; but Tushne-tuna proved a skillful and faithful guide, and not once did they get aground.

On the second morning, just at daybreak, they came around a bend in the river, in sight of the beleaguered island and the Sepoys gathered along shore.

The latter appeared to be making preparations for an attack; when, like a meteor, the Sea Bird glided in among them.

Langdon was on deck, and everything was in readiness. The twelve-pounder was crammed to the muzzle with bullets, slugs, and bits of iron, and was pointed directly among the huddled mass of Sepoys, whose eyes being turned toward the perishing fugitives, were unsuspecting of their danger.

Captain Burton saw Trevanion spring to his feet and swing his hat. His answer was the thundering boom of his cannon, and the hustling of death and destruction among the infuriated natives.

They gazed around, stupefied, and for a while unable to understand the change of circumstances.

"Give them——!" was the exclamation of Langdon, and the crew at once began firing their guns among them, with most murderous effect. They now all broke in the greatest confusion and started to run; but, before getting beyond reach, the cannon was again loaded, and, as they ran up the bank, it belched its terrific storm among them.

The broadside of a dozen monitors and iron clads could not have caused a greater panic, and in the space of five minutes after the first discharge the only Sepoys left along the bank were the numerous dead, and those who were helplessly wounded.

Coming to anchor a few rods from the island, a boat was lowered and sent to the fugitives. The stirring events of the last half hour had wonderfully rejuvenated them. They were wild with joy, and upon reaching the deck of the Sea Bird, wrung the hand of Captain Burton, Langdon, and all the crew. They laughed, and cried, and sang praises to God, while the tears trickled down the bronzed cheeks of Captain Burton and his sailors.

The meek, suffering face of Mrs. Smithwell caused a pang

of sorrow to all, and quieted the rejoicing. She and the females were given the use of the cabin, to which they immediately retired.

The bow of the Sea Bird was instantly turned, and the descent of the river commenced. As they did so, a Sepoy was observed along shore, following them with his gun, as if waiting for a chance to shoot some one.

Observing him Edgar Herndon took a long, deliberate aim, and as he discharged his piece, the native threw up his arms and dropped lifeless to the ground.

"There is another fellow plugged between the eyes!" he exclaimed, as he lowered his piece.

"I think I know that man," said Langdon, taking the spy-glass and examining the body. "Who do you suppose he is?" he asked, turning to Trevanion and those who had collected around.

"I am sure we do not know."

"*Mashmoul Lieng.*"

"A merited fate, for he it is who has led this party seeking our lives."

"Yes; if Edgar here had only shot him when he wished to, it's doubtful whether it would have been necessary for the Sea Bird to rescue you."

"But she has done it."

The Sea Bird continued down stream, and on the second day glided out from the Mahamuddy into the Bengal Sea, and headed toward home—*home*, the goal of the wanderer, the guiding star to the exile, the light that shined forever and to all.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

On one of those beautiful moonlight nights, when the Sea Bird was coming up from the South Atlantic, and every stitch of canvas was stretched to hurry them toward home, Jennie Herndon and William Trevanion stood on the deck, looking out upon the ocean.

Her arm was locked in his, and for a few moments they stood in silence. Their hearts were full.

"Soon we will be home, If Providence wills," said he.

"How greatly He has favored us," replied Jennie. "More than once I gave over all hope."

"Yes, I remember several occasions when you looked with longing eyes upon that tiny pistol in your breast."

The girl smiled.

"I may as well return it to you, as I do not see that I can ever have any further use for it."

"No, no; do you keep it. After we are married and have made our trip over the United States, you know we are to return to Calcutta. Who can tell but what you may need it then?"

"Little probability, while I have this strong arm to shield me."

"And no other inspiration will I need but this little bird nestling at my side."

Trevanion looked down in the face of the beautiful being beside him, and then, with an expression of tender love, hummed:

"Day cannot make thee half so fair,
Nor the stars of eve so dear;

The arms that clasp, and the breast that keeps,
They tell me thou art near,
And the perfect beauty of thy face
In thy murmured words I here.

"The lights of land have dropped below
The vast and glimmering sea:
The world we have is a tale that is told
A fable that cannot be.
There is no life in the sphery dark
But the love in thee and me."

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The home rulers, how	Tobias so to speak,	sitiuation,	The coming man,
they "spakes,"	Old Mrs. Grimes,	Dar's nuffin new under	The illigant affair at
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